

THE EXPOSITORY TIMES.

Notes of Recent Exposition.

A SERMON on Judas Iscariot does not arrest the attention now so easily as once it did. For it is no longer possible to take literally the words of Christ that Judas had a devil. We are not sure now if any one has a devil. We are not quite sure if a devil exists. Nor are we able any longer to say that sheer greed was Judas Iscariot's undoing. We have lifted him up much nearer to the level of ordinary humanity. He is not so bad as he used to be. He is not swayed by so single a motive. As a man, he engages men's attention still, but he does not engage it so surely as he did when a devil.

There is also another and a greater difficulty. It is the difficulty the preacher himself has in reaching a clear conception of the moral character of Judas. It is fifty years since DE QUINCEY's famous essay on Judas Iscariot was published. It is still longer since Archbishop WHATELY preached and published his startling sermon. And although these sketches of the traitor have often been described as attempts at 'whitewashing,' they have had a mighty influence upon subsequent estimates of his character. No one will contend that Judas differed from Peter only in being a better patriot, but in nearly all the recent literature Judas *is* a patriot. The genius of DE QUINCEY has apparently dismissed the fiend incarnate and left a man with a mixture of motives. The preacher finds it

difficult to thread his way among these motives. But he also finds that the study of the career of Judas is now worth the trouble it gives. For it is no longer possible for those who hear to thank God that they are not as this Judas.

The three questions that have to be answered are, how Judas came to be an apostle, why he fell, and what was his end.

To the first question the old answer was as simple as all the rest. Judas took his place among the Twelve 'that the Scripture might be fulfilled.' One of the Scriptures was, 'Mine own familiar friend, in whom I trusted, which did eat of my bread, hath lifted up his heel against me' (Ps 41⁹). Judas had no escape. That was his destiny, and he had to fulfil it. Now we know that it is not so. God is no such respecter of persons. Even LIDDON, with that loyalty to the written word which made him so powerful a preacher, has passed from such a conception. 'If our Lord,' he says, 'looking down upon our life with His Divine Intelligence, speaks of Judas, once and again, as an instrument whereby the Redemption of the world was to be worked out, the Gospel history also supplies us with materials which go to show that Judas had his freedom of choice, his opportunities, his warnings, and that he became the Betrayer because he chose to do so.'

But then begin our difficulties. Why did Jesus call Judas, and why did Judas come? The answer of all the recent writers is that Judas was not at the beginning so bad as we have supposed him to be, and that Jesus called him just because he was not bad. Did Jesus not know, then? Did He not know what Judas would become? That also is one of the difficulties now. It is a long time since any one has been found to say as plainly as Professor BLUNT said, that 'deliberately and of settled purpose Jesus tolerated the presence of this unfaithful follower,' and that 'it made a part of the wise counsel of God that of the number of the twelve one should be a devil.' Some seem to think that Jesus did not know. 'I am not prepared,' says Dr. J. D. JONES, 'to assert that Jesus was omniscient in the common understanding of the word. When He laid His Godhead by "He emptied Himself," Paul says. He placed voluntary limitations upon Himself. He laid aside this and the other Divine prerogative. And amongst other things He laid aside the Divine omniscience.' And some distinguish between foreknowledge and foreordaining. But for the most part men pass the matter by, content, with Dr. John KER, to say that our Lord acted by Judas as He did by all the rest: 'He accepted him on the ground of a profession which was consistent as far as human eye could see.'

It is no doubt more difficult to understand why Christ called or accepted Judas than to understand why Judas came. Yet the latter difficulty has produced a far greater variety of solutions. On the whole the modern solution is that his motives were good. Dr. J. H. MOULTON speaks of him as 'a young and patriotic Jew, his hands busy all the week with honourable toil, his heart full of a fervent and honourable ambition to see Messiah in His glory, and Jerusalem once more a praise in the earth.' And Dr. J. G. STEVENSON says: 'In all probability the personality of Judas was saturated with the Messianic spirit of his people; and, meeting the Christ, by a visitation of spiritual insight he recognized Him as the long-expected Messiah.

Religion and patriotism would thereupon unite to impel him to join himself to the followers of Jesus; and when the call came to become a disciple of the Lord, he eagerly embraced the opportunity.'

If we are to accept this opinion we must turn with the more eagerness to see what mischief in the life it was that wrought his ruin. And this brings us to our second question. Why did he fall?

The old answer—and undoubtedly it seems to be the answer of the Gospels—was that Judas was a thief. But the modern mind will have no such simple explanation. In his clever but too independent life of Christ, written in 1901, Dr. W. J. DAWSON flatly contradicts the Gospels. That Judas was a thief, he says, rests only on the evidence of John, and it was natural that John, 'never himself conspicuous for charity,' should speak of Judas in the bitterest terms, for he was deeply penetrated by a horror of his crime. There is, of course, the undenied fact that he accepted money of the high priests. But Dr. SALMON of Dublin, who has a theory of his own, explains that the objection which we have to the acceptance of a bribe is quite a modern feeling. It is not very long, he reminds us, since British statesmen were pensioners of the French King. And it does not seem to him probable that the thirty pieces of silver had any other significance to the evangelists than that they were the fulfilment of prophecy.

Most of the recent writers on Judas, however, accept the love of money as one of his besetting sins. But only one. Another sin was ambition. Another jealousy. And all these evil tendencies, which were present in Judas as they are present in most of us, were fostered by the solitary life he lived. For nearly all the expositors lay emphasis on the fact that Judas Iscariot was the only Judæan among the Twelve. To Canon AINGER this is sufficient to account for the whole tragedy. Judas was probably of a somewhat sullen disposition at the beginning. A company of fellow-Jews might

have taken him out of himself. But all the rest were Galilæans, he alone was a Judæan. He had the southern contempt for the men of the north. That contempt passed into hatred as he saw them enjoy the favour of the Master from which he felt himself excluded. Then the love to Jesus which he really had at first passed into hate. 'The angel in him (and there must have been an angel once, telling him of his needs, his sins, and whispering of the beauty of holiness and the sweetness of reconciliation) had been driven out of him—and now Satan entered into him, and the end was near.'

But to most it seems that his solitariness only aggravated his feeling of disappointment. This sense of disappointment in Jesus is the explanation which almost everybody now offers for the betrayal. Judas had joined the company of the Apostles in the belief that Jesus was about to establish a Jewish kingdom of God on the earth. The rest of the Apostles believed this as well as he. But they allowed themselves to succumb to the spell of the Master. They came to love Jesus Himself. Their love for His person became more to them than the prospect of a place in His Kingdom. And when the disillusionment came they were followers still. Judas held aloof and allowed the love of self to master him. 'It was not long,' says Dr. MOULTON, 'before he began to suspect that this kingdom was very much in the clouds. Suspicion may well have turned into certainty at that memorable Passover time, a year before the end, when the five thousand excited Galilæans tried to force the crown upon the Wonder-worker, and He had to use all His authority to send away followers who would only try to baffle a refusal very unlike that of Julius Cæsar. From that day the great Prophet's popularity markedly declined, and it is noteworthy that St. John, who narrates the discourse which finished the offence given by the refusal of the crown, gives us here the words of Jesus as He declares that one of the Twelve is a devil already. Judas's heart had become more and more fixed on the earthly glories of his ambition, and he now knew himself deceived. The

revelation soured the milk of human kindness within him, and he began to be fitted for the devil's hand.'

But the most startling difference between the old and the new estimates of Judas is in respect of his end. Which brings us to our third and last question. What was his end?

Again, how simple the old view was, and how conclusive. 'He went to his own place.' Did any one doubt where that place was? 'In the vision of Hell, the poet Dante, after traversing the circles of the universe of woe, in which each separate kind of wickedness receives its peculiar punishment, arrives at last, in the company of his guide, at the nethermost circle of all, in the very bottom of the pit, where the worst of all sinners and the basest of all sins are undergoing retribution. It is a lake not of fire but of ice, beneath whose transparent surface are visible, fixed in painful postures, the figures of those who have betrayed their benefactors; because this, in Dante's estimation, is the worst of sins. In the midst of them stands out, vast and hideous, "the emperor who sways the realm of woe"—Satan himself; for this was the crime which lost him Paradise. And the next most conspicuous figure is Judas Iscariot. He is in the mouth of Satan, being champed and torn by his teeth as in a ponderous engine.'

And that was the belief of all mankind till recently. Is it the belief of any one now?

Bishop LIGHTFOOT says: 'The veil is drawn over his fate. We dare not, cannot lift it.' But Bishop LIGHTFOOT wrote five-and-twenty years ago. In a volume of sermons by the Rev. J. M. E. Ross there is a study of the word 'waste.' Three texts are taken. 'To what purpose is this waste?' (Mt 26⁸); 'Gather up the fragments that remain, that nothing be lost' (Jn 6¹²); 'The son of perdition' (Jn 17¹²). It is the same Greek word that is used in all the phrases.

So Judas is 'the son of waste.' What does

that mean? It means that he has squandered his life. He had his opportunity as the others had. They used theirs, he lost his. And the irony of it is that *he* is called the 'son of waste' who spoke loftily of the waste of the ointment which Mary spent upon her Lord. Jesus who accepted Mary's gift, hated waste. 'Gather up the fragments,' He said, 'that nothing be lost.' Most of all He hated the waste of opportunity, the waste of a human life. It is better for a man who throws away his life that he had never been born.

For life, with all it yields of joy and woe,
And hope and fear, . . .

Is just our chance o' the prize of learning love,
How love might be, hath been indeed, and is ;
And that we hold thenceforth to the uttermost
Such prize despite the envy of the world,
And, having gained truth, keep truth : that is all.

Take up the phrase again, 'The son of waste.' Mr. Ross explains the word 'waste.' Mr. RATTENBURY is attracted by the word 'son.' The son of perdition, he says, is *the lost child*. Jesus used the phrase in a cry to the Father. It was a cry of anguish over a lost child. 'Oh, the heart-break in it! There is a lost child. It is thus he thinks of Judas.' And then Mr. RATTENBURY recalls the passage in St. Matthew where Jesus speaks of lost sheep and little children alike as 'little ones.' 'And the angel of the lost sheep,' he says, 'is the angel of the little child, eternally young and beautiful in the presence of God.'

Of all the places which St. Paul attempted to win for Christ, the place with the most evil reputation was the island of Crete. 'Crete,' says a recent writer, 'took no part in the national struggle with Persia; became proverbial for its internal quarrels; and in Hellenistic times was a dangerous nest of adventurers and pirates, with an important Jewish colony.' Yet St. Paul sent Titus there, Titus, whom he fondly calls 'mine own son after the common faith.' For the grace

of God, he explained, hath appeared, bringing salvation to all men. Even the Cretans could be instructed to live soberly, righteously, and godly in this present world. And 'for this purpose' the Apostle sent Titus there.

Would St. Paul have sent Titus 'for this purpose' to the island called Britain? If he might have sent him once, would he send him now? The conversion of Crete did not depend on Titus. It depended on the power of the Gospel he carried. Is the Gospel capable of instructing the inhabitants of Britain to live soberly, righteously, and godly in this present world? The question is constantly being asked. It is constantly being answered with an emphatic No. Dr. F. G. PEABODY asks it in his recent book on *The Christian Life in the Modern World* (Macmillan; 5s. 6d. net). He does not say that the Gospel cannot instruct us to live soberly, righteously, and godly. But he says that it is not instructing us. And the reason is that we do not understand the Gospel.

We do not understand the Gospel, he says, when we take all that the evangelists report as the Gospel. They report a good deal about an early end of the world. Professor PEABODY does not believe that our Lord predicted an early end of the world. 'The habitual attitude of Jesus in the presence of the great problems of experience has a serenity, assurance, and sympathy far removed from the excited anticipations of abrupt and final change.' The evangelists misunderstood. And Matthew ARNOLD's dictum, 'Jesus above the heads of His reporters,' is to Dr. PEABODY also 'a wise canon of New Testament criticism.'

But not only did His reporters misunderstand him, we too misunderstand Him. We misunderstand Him more seriously than they did. We 'confuse Oriental imagery with universal principles.' We 'single out a teaching of non-resistance as the core of the Gospels.' We 'retreat from social obligations in the name of one who gladly shared them and was called a friend of wine-

bibbers and publicans.' All this, 'however heroic it may be, is not only an impracticable discipleship, but a historical perversion. It mistakes the occasionalism of the Gospels for universalism. It pictures Jesus as posing before the glass of the future, proclaiming in every utterance a universal law, when in fact he is primarily concerned with the individual case immediately before him, and is applying universal laws to the interpretation and redemption of that single life.'

More than all that, we misunderstand Christ when we take the Gospels as they have been handed down to us and try to apply them to our modern life. The Sermon on the Mount and all the rest of the contents of the Gospels as they stand were intended, says Dr. PEABODY, to apply to the Jews, not to us; to Palestine, not to Great Britain; to the first century, not to the twentieth. When we attempt to apply them as they stand to our own modern life we are driven either to the absurdity of Tolstoi dying at a wayside station with twenty reporters looking on, or to the greater absurdity of a Bradley declaring, 'None of us are Christians, and we all know, no matter what we say, that we ought not to be.'

The Gospels *as they stand*. Because the Gospels have been handed down to us with the utmost care, as if everything depended upon our having the very words which Jesus uttered, or at least an exact translation of them. But 'true Christianity'—Professor PEABODY quotes with great approval from Edward CAIRD—'is not something which was published in Palestine and which has been handed down by a dead tradition ever since; it is a living and growing spirit, that learns the lesson of history, and is ever manifesting new powers and leading on to new truths.'

There are two words which express the Gospel as available for us to-day. One belongs to the Synoptists, the other to the Fourth Gospel. The Synoptic word is Power. 'The multitudes glorified God which had given such power unto men';

'His word was with power'; 'Until ye be endued with power from on high'; 'Till they have seen the kingdom of God come with power.' The word of the Fourth Gospel is Life. 'I am the bread of life'; 'In him was life, and the life was the light of men'; 'He that believeth not the Son shall not see life'; 'Ye will not come to me that ye might have life'; 'The words that I speak unto you, they are spirit and they are life'; 'I am come that they might have life.'

Now Power and Life are not words of opinion or definition; they are words of expansion, vitality, momentum, growth. They are symbols, not of a standing, but of a moving faith. Power is generated to be applied. Life is given to be transmitted. And how can power be generated and life transmitted? Not by a theology, but by a person. Not by the acceptance of a creed, but by the acceptance of a Saviour.

Then, the moment we understand that Christianity is love to the Lord Jesus Christ, we know whether we are Christians or not. And if we are not Christians we know why. We see also that such a Christianity is of universal application. That which was good for Palestine in the first century is equally good for Great Britain or America in the twentieth. For love is of no restriction. It laughs at locksmiths. And love to Christ will instruct any man to live soberly, righteously, and godly in this present world.

If St. John wrote the Fourth Gospel, the three Epistles which go by his name, and the Apocalypse—the supposition is enough to take some men's breath away, but if it is granted, then we may say that he wrote the Gospel to tell us what Jesus did in the past, the Epistles to tell us what He was doing in the present, in the very time when St. John was writing, and the Apocalypse to tell us what He would do in the ages to come. For St. John, as surely as St. Luke, looked upon the progress of the Kingdom as the direct work of the risen Redeemer.

Now it seems easy for St. John to tell us in his Gospel what Jesus did when He was upon the earth. He had been with Him; he wrote of the things which he had seen and heard. It seems easy for him to tell us what Jesus was doing in St. John's own day, for he saw all round him the manifest tokens of His presence and activity. But how could he tell us what Jesus would accomplish in the ages to come? No one will claim that by the Apostle John the gift of prediction, if it ever existed in Israel, was recovered. He predicted the future because he believed in Christ. He knew what Christ had done, he knew what He was doing, he knew Christ Himself, and he was able to tell us what He would do. He did not know all the details of the coming of the Kingdom, but he knew that the Kingdom would come, and he could foretell some of the manifestations of it.

One of these manifestations was the gift of song. He looked down the centuries; he saw the children of God gathered for worship; he saw them, one here, one there, going about their daily work; he recognized the love of Christ that possessed them; and he heard them singing. Not in one generation only, in every generation, as he listened he heard them singing, 'And they sing as it were a new song' (Rev 14³).

Is there anything that is more characteristic of the congregations of Christian worshippers than this? Is there any way in which the lover of the Lord Jesus Christ gives expression to his love more naturally? It may be song that finds expression in sound, and it may not; it is song that is sung in the heart. Heard melodies are sweet, but those unheard are sweeter. St. John was a very true prophet. Whatever else he saw or heard—and no doubt he has puzzled us a little with some of his visions—this he saw clearly and truly.

Let us consider this matter of singing. Let us notice three things about it. First, that there are songs which we cease to sing. Next, that there

are songs which we sing in a new way. And then, that we learn to sing new songs.

There are songs which we cease to sing. 'Jesus loves me; this I know, for the Bible tells me so.' We cease to sing that song. There comes a day when we have had so unmistakable an experience of the love of Christ in our life that external testimony, even the testimony of the Bible, is superseded. As the people of Sychar said to the woman of Samaria, 'Now we believe, not because of thy speaking; for we have heard for ourselves, and know that this is indeed the Saviour of the world.'

'Pour out the Rhine wine'—we cease to sing that song. We sang it in our irresponsible youth, and sang it lustily. Then there entered into our home or into our dear friend's home the degradation of a drunken man or the still greater degradation of a drunken woman. Or even if we have been so blest as to escape the pollution closely, we have had our eyes opened to the sin and the danger of the nation. And we cease to sing that song. The pity of it that even in such a time as this, and with such an example as our good king's, there are with us those who name the name of Christ and have not yet ceased to sing that song.

In the next place we sing some songs in a new way. 'I lay my sins on Jesus, the spotless Lamb of God; He bears them all, and frees us from the accursed load.' We sing that song as children and sing it lightly. Then we discover that we have committed sin. We see it in the light of God's holiness; we set it in the wonder of Christ's sacrifice. We recognize the burden of it, and the relief which the cross brings. 'I lay my sins on Jesus'—we sing that song in a new way.

'Nearer, my God, to Thee, nearer to Thee! even though it be a cross that raiseth me.' There is no song more easily sung than that before the cross comes; there is none that demands more of us

when the cross has to be carried. 'Nearer, my God, to Thee'—surely, but it cannot be but by a cross. He who went forth carrying His cross had to put it upon Simon. He puts it upon every one of us in turn. We are crucified with Christ that we may live. For if we do not die to sin, how can we live unto righteousness? 'Nearer, my God, to Thee'—it is the craving of every man who knows that he has been ransomed with the precious blood; but it is madness to seek fellowship in the glory without fellowship in the sufferings. When the cross comes; when it is felt as a cross; when we recognize that it is to be with us to the end, then we sing this song in a new way.

'Rock of Ages, cleft for me'—

Thoughtlessly the maiden sung;
Fell the words unconsciously
From her girlish, gleeful tongue;
Sang as little children sing,
Sang as sing the birds in June,
Fell the words like light leaves down
On the current of the tune—

'Rock of Ages, cleft for me,
Let me hide myself in Thee.'

'Rock of Ages, cleft for me,'—

'Twas a woman sang them now,
Pleadingly and prayerfully—
Every word her heart did know.
Rose the song as storm-tossed bird
Beats with weary wing the air,
Every note with sorrow stirred,
Every syllable a prayer.

'Rock of Ages, cleft for me,
Let me hide myself in Thee.'

Then we learn to sing some new songs. Perhaps it is strictly accurate to say that we learn to sing one new song. But in the history of the world there have been three new songs sung, of one or other of which every song, if it is a true song, is only a variation.

First there is the Song of Creation—'when the

morning stars sang together, and all the sons of God shouted for joy' (Job 38⁷). Next there is the Song of Incarnation—'and suddenly there was with the angel a multitude of the heavenly host praising God, and saying, Glory to God in the highest, and on earth peace among men in whom he is well pleased' (Lk 2^{13, 14}). Finally, there is the Song of Redemption—'and they sing as it were a new song' (Rev 14⁸).

Now all these songs are songs of triumph. They are sung after victory. Some opposition has been overcome; some great deed has been done; something of worth has been accomplished, something that was not easy to accomplish.

It is so with the Song of Creation. In the Hebrew history of creation the obstacles that had to be overcome, and the fierceness of the struggle, have been allowed to fall away. Nothing could seem easier than creation at the word of God. 'And God said, Let there be light, and there was light.' But the fact that creation was possible only after a struggle is evident in the Babylonian narrative; it forms indeed the whole spirit and motive of it. And it may be that that long process of evolution, which is the form in which creation is presented to the modern mind, evolution with all its struggle for existence and survival of the fittest, is but a return to the first conception of creation, a recovery of the elements of conflict which made the Song of Creation the celebration of victory—the shout of them that triumph, the song of them that feast.

It is so also with the Song of Incarnation. We cannot tell what opposition had to be overcome before the Son of God could take flesh and dwell among us. We cannot believe that there was any lack of love or pity. But that there were obstacles we must perceive from the fact that sin was allowed to abound and for so long a time before the angel Gabriel was sent on his mission. We may be sure that the freedom of the will of man, that most mysterious of all the facts that lie

between us and God, had something to do with it. The abuse of that freedom made the Incarnation a necessity; was the delay due to the danger of a greater abuse, even the destruction of the freedom of man's will? We cannot tell. We only know that 'in the fulness of the time,' God sent forth His Son, made of a woman; and the song which the heavenly host sang was a song of triumph.

Finally, it is so of the Song of Redemption. And as the act of Redemption was accomplished on earth we have no difficulty in seeing what were the obstacles that had to be removed—what are the obstacles—and how surely the Song of Redemption is a Song of victory. 'And they sing a new song, saying, Worthy art thou to take the book, and to open the seals thereof; for thou wast slain, and didst purchase unto God with thy blood men of every tribe, and tongue, and people, and nation, and madest them to be unto our God a kingdom and priests; and they reign upon the earth.'

But while each of the three songs is a song of victory, each of them owes its newness to the triumph of something newly discovered in God. The Song of Creation is the triumph of God's power. The Song of Incarnation is the triumph of God's love. The Song of Redemption is the triumph of that union of power and love in God for which even yet we have not devised a name.

It is the union of power and love. That is why St. John was able to hear the redeemed singing. That is the secret of his foresight. No one can foresee the triumph of power alone, even such power as issues in creation. It may be thwarted

at any time by that very will which is part of itself. God made man upright, but he sought out many inventions. Nor can any one foretell the triumph of love, not even though God *so* loved the world as to give His only begotten son. For love unwedded to power is always open to the thorns and the nails. But because St. John saw that this love had by the Resurrection of Christ from the dead been united to the power of God, he had no fear for the future. He bent his ear, and heard the redeemed singing their song of triumph.

This is the new song. Have we realized its newness? Have we seen that there is now no limit to the exercise of the love of God because a way has been found for uniting it to His power? Have we seen that there is no obstacle that can stand in the way of His power because it is one with His loving sacrifice? We may not understand how it is that this divine and irresistible unity is to do its work. We may not know how it will comport itself in the presence of the will of man which is as free as formerly. But we know that every enemy shall be subdued to it.

The subjection is through sacrifice. The will of man must be given the opportunity of yielding itself. What we see in these days is that this sacrifice may be made in a moment. Our men go to the front in apparent indifference. With the most careless of them the indifference may be more apparent than real. We do not know what thoughts lie below the outward show. What we know is that the sacrifice may be made, or at least may express itself, in a moment—in the very bayonet charge perhaps. Then the triumph song is sung—not for a trench taken from the enemy, but for the soul of a British soldier gone home to God.

The Tragic Schism: Has it been Healed?

BY THE REV. J. A. ROBERTSON, M.A., EDINBURGH.

IT is the legitimate boast of the literature of to-day that never before have the intricacies of the human soul received so subtle and so thorough an investigation. None of the spiritual lights and shadows, none of the great emotions and crises of the soul are thought to have escaped its searching pen. Yet in the case of the experience of forgiveness literary analysis has largely failed. It has failed to understand, or fully to evaluate, the moral passion which true forgiveness demands of the forgiving heart. We have had many moving pictures of the passion of a soul repentant, but few of the passion of a soul forgiving. There is a pathos about the failure. Because we are human we understand something of what it means to repent. Because we are human we have seldom guessed what it costs to forgive. And this, in spite of the fact that the sincerity of a real repentance refuses to be satisfied with an unreal forgiveness—the cold forgiveness that has issued from a soul unshaken.

It is self-interest, pride, concern for personal dignity, self-esteem which make the business of forgiving most irksome to men. And the broken-hearted penitent has usually to be content with the human forgiveness that has meant the breaking with these things. Nevertheless this scarcely touches the central problem of forgiveness. Forgiveness is a summons to love. The moral energy and effort required in forgiving is the greatest drain that can be made upon the passion of love. And it is true love—love without fleck or stain of self—that understands this best. But perfect love exists only in the absolutely pure in heart;—in God. It is holiness—the very ground of love, the sense of the awful difference between right and wrong—which makes forgiveness God's most arduous task. Holiness cannot stoop to condone a violation of its life and law,—that would be to undo Creation's bands. And forgiveness is Holy Love somehow taking to do with sin.

Yet this task, which well-nigh exhausts the limits of Divine possibility, is precisely that which God cannot help doing. Self-sacrifice, the ideal goal of all human morality, must be the very inmost essence of all the Divine activity. And Forgiveness is the supreme opportunity for self-sacrifice.

For Forgiveness is what heals the broken peace and concord of that society of souls which is to become the Kingdom of God. Holy Love alone can know the cost of this. But Holy Love does not count the cost. It *pays* the cost. It was in the breaking of a holy heart that God in Christ tasted death for every man.

I.

Modern literature has sometimes come within sight of this ultimate problem, usually, alas! to declare it insoluble. 'Yes, I forgive you,' a capable author makes one of his characters declare; 'but if I cared for you, forgiveness would be impossible.' Forgiveness, that is to say, is a transaction which indifference may find possible: for love it is impossible. But the forgiveness which the cold heart finds easy to offer is no forgiveness. Therefore real forgiveness is impossible.

The same result has been reached from another direction. A few years ago Mr. Bernard Shaw declared that he could not believe in a God who forgave. Nature, and the pitiless law of righteousness which pervades nature, seem utterly unforgiving. Forgiveness, he argued, must be meaningless to a perfect being.

There is an element of moral truth in both points of view. The forgiveness of the easy, genial, mild-mannered man whom we familiarly call 'a lump of good nature' is just about as unreal as the forgiveness of cold indifference. But love is not mere good nature, soft-heartedness. The glory of love lies in the moral fibres of truth, and trust, and loyalty out of which it is woven. Forgiveness cannot come lightly from injured love. Only an expenditure of moral passion, amounting sometimes to heart-break, can heal the broken moral fibres which are the strength of love. God is Love. It must cost Him an infinite agony to forgive.

Again, holiness is not cold impassive justice, it is not an impersonal pitiless natural law, it is not a stern and rigid Puritanism of character, harsh, uncompromising, and uncharitable in its judgments of men. But it is something more awesome still. It is Conscience: it is Justice throbbing with all the sensitiveness of personality.

It is the obverse side of Love. God is Holy Love. And therefore intercourse between the perfectly Pure Being and the soul that has done a repulsive deed can be restored only at a tremendous cost of moral passion.

An illustration will help to give point to the argument. Tennyson, in his 'Idylls of the King,' makes Prince Arthur come to see his faithless queen in the convent whither she has fled to hide herself. We see the wretched lady grovelling, 'with her face against the floor':

There with her milk white arms and shadowy hair
She made her face a darkness from the King:
And in the darkness heard his armèd feet
Pause by her; then came silence, then a voice,
Monotonous and hollow like a Ghost's,
Denouncing judgment.

On and on goes this cold sad purity recounting all the terrible consequences of the sin. And then we hear him say:

'Lo! I forgive thee, as Eternal God
Forgives.'

But was it forgiveness? Apart altogether from the fact that the magnanimity is too conscious of itself to have any kinship with the Divine, was the king's deed a genuine forgiveness? Listen to him further speaking to his queen:

'I cannot touch thy lips, they are not mine,
But Lancelot's: nay, they never were the King's.
I cannot take thy hand; that too is flesh,
And in the flesh thou hast sinn'd; and mine own flesh,
Here looking down on thine polluted, cries
"I loathe thee."'

Was that forgiveness? Is that how you conceive 'Eternal God forgives'? Yet, in its very failure we can catch a glimpse of the tragic import of a real forgiveness to Holy Love. All the agony of the offence must be suffered and borne in true forgiveness. And in order that we may have the full problem before us we must again remind ourselves that true repentance is an attempt to see our sin through the eyes of the holy injured God. Because of the stain and blur of sin that is impossible for the wrong-doer in his own strength alone. The question, therefore, is, Has God accomplished Forgiveness? Has God forgiven us with a forgiveness so wide and so deep that it can take our poor puny broken penitence up into itself, and make it perfect for us? Has God given us such an assurance of forgiveness, as contains in it the full and tragic avowal of the agony sin causes

in His holy heart, and the unspeakably bitter confession, *for us*, of the infinite heinousness of sin? The answer is the Crucified Christ.

II.

We need not linger long over the false distinction sometimes drawn between the outward event and the moral significance of the event. We have not stated the *fact* until we have stated the spiritual content and implications of the fact. It is not just the wooden Cross on the hill Calvary, and the blood that dropped there from His mortal flesh, that constitutes God's forgiveness. The world has seen thousands of crucifixions. Some were mere malefactor's gibbets—the legal penalty of a crime. Some were the result of a sad mistake—a blind miscarriage of justice, exciting only pity. Some were tragic—a good man misunderstood, the clash of opposing rights, a loving heart impaled to save another. These evoke admiration for the heroism of the sufferer: there is only one Cross in all the world's history that constrains us to adoration and awe. Why? Because of the Person who was crucified. Not a criminal—it was the criminals who did the deed—but the one perfectly holy and loving Man. In Him all the love and holiness of God flowed out into human life without restriction and without alloy.

It is not merely to the death, but to the moral meaning of the life that ended thus, we have to look. And it is not we alone, who, now that it is past, see its significance: it is Christ Himself that *exhibited* its significance to us. The outward facts of the Passion are nothing apart from the significance He saw, and felt, and lived out in them; His dying nothing apart from His willing to die. Through the insight which belongs only to perfect purity and love, He alone in the world of men achieved an unbroken communion with God which shaped itself into the unique experience of Sonship. And He felt and responded to the urge and summons of this experience to bring the God He knew and realized within His own spirit down into the lives of men. He alone apprehended with every power and faculty of His being the supreme purpose of God in History. He alone could and did surrender His will in all its unblemished freedom and integrity to be the instrument through which the Divine Will could perfectly operate to that end—the end, namely, of lifting a kingdom of souls into perfect communion with

God. It was because He deliberately and in utter humility identified His life's work with that Purpose, as His vocation in a sinful world, that the Cross became for Him a moral and at the same time a Divine necessity. And the vicarious shame which laid its ever-deepening burden on His pure soul, the pity and bleeding compassion which filled His heart of love to overflowing, as He faced the misery of mankind, were really and actually at last within the limits of humanity the Agony of the Holy Love of God. This Passion of His was more; it was the completion of that Agony,—the necessary deed in Time, the climax in the forth-flowing energy of the Divine Forgiveness.

Gethsemane is therefore the key to the Cross. And it was Christ's response to the call of God in His soul—His deliberate dedication of Himself to the cause of Humanity for His Father's sake—that led inevitably to Gethsemane. And that solemn self-consecration was the first act of His ministry—the submitting to Baptism. *Christ's whole life was the Crucifixion.* Every event, every experience that came to Him was a thorn, or a nail, or a spear of human sin driven into His quivering, sinless soul. The Cross was scored on the very door by which He entered our humanity,—born, like a waif, beneath the thatch of an outhouse beside some cattle beasts. His whole life long He was impaled on the world's hate and shame. Ending at last in one awful hour of horror and darkness, it was simply the unfolding of what the touch of sin means to a being of perfect holiness and love. 'In the death of great men the completion of their lives often lies. . . . So it is in a yet deeper sense with the life of Jesus. . . . It was the culmination in a scene in which past, present, and future were gathered into one that was the truth of that life. Not in the mere temporal succession of the events, . . . but in action in which duration in time became of merely secondary importance, existed for (Him) and for us the culminating instant which became eternity.'¹

III.

If we here recall an old controversy, it is only that we may use it to help in the unfolding of our argument. A generation or two ago this was the question that troubled religious thought: Is it merely we who need to be reconciled to God,

¹ Haldane, *Pathway to Reality*.

or does God also need to be reconciled to us? In the ultra-Calvinistic view, it was God that needed to be reconciled to us. In its extreme form God appears as a kind of Moloch of well-nigh implacable wrath, requiring and demanding the butchery of a sacrifice of pure and spotless innocence, ere His thirst for vengeance could be slaked; holding His pitiless hand with reluctance from thrusting men down to the fires of hell, and only because His own Son spilt out His blood before Him, to pay down to the uttermost farthing all that His wrath demanded of the helpless sinner. It was this grotesque travesty of 'the mystery of Godliness' that George Macdonald preached against in all his books with such fiery and rebellious energy. The old grandmother, in one of his stories, prays to God that her laddie's soul might be saved from the everlasting fire: 'O God, I wad burn in hell for him masel' gin ye wad let him aff.' It is a touching picture of a heart that is almost Divine staggering blindly under the cruel weight of this iron dogma—that God's heart is an eternal wrath which only an infinite sacrifice will satisfy. God is not visible in the woman's *creed*: God is visible in her blinded heart that would burn to save a soul. The life of Religion has often been injured by the abstractions and distinctions of theology. And this is one of the saddest instances—the habit of thinking of God as a far-off, passive, severe, cold Justice; and of Christ as hanging on the Cross enduring the penalty for man's sin, offering a sacrifice to appease Divine Wrath, acting out a tragic spectacle to wring the heart of God into relenting. The one fact we must firmly grasp, and never let go, is that God is in the whole transaction from beginning to end. We might almost say that there are not three parties concerned, in this matter of Divine reconciliation. It is not Christ reconciling another, namely, God, to a third party, man. There are only two parties concerned in the transaction,—the holy and loving Father, *God in Christ*, reconciling *us*—to Himself. Altered to agree with that old and cruel view, the Golden Text would run: 'God so *hated* the world that the Son had to be killed,'—no! it is too horrible to go any further. All the Agony of God was there in the Sufferer on the Cross; 'God so *loved* the world.' It cost God as much to give as it cost Christ to die. Nay, it was God in Christ that tasted death for us.

Swung away to the opposite pole of thought,

the mind then asks, where was the need for this transcendent Agony? If it was only rebellious man that needed to be reconciled to the Eternal Heart of Holy Love, why did God not choose to offer His pardon to men, standing at an infinite distance? Why did God not simply declare His forgiveness, and leave the rest to man? It is just here that the view we have offered of the experience of forgiving comes to its own. To say that it is not God who needs to be reconciled to us, but only we who need to be reconciled to God, is to be labouring still within a false distinction. It is no doubt true that God, who is Holy Love, has ever maintained an unchanging attitude of reconciliation and forgiveness towards men. From the beginning of history He has been bending over the sinner, and saying, 'Turn ye, turn ye, why will ye die?' But it was always wounded Love that uttered the cry. This eternal attitude of God's Spirit has ever cost Him infinite pain, agony, sacrifice. The sinner would never turn, would only ignore God's call, if he thought that God was just a great mass of mere good nature, whose one desire was to make everybody comfortable, and who simply doled out His effortless forgiveness, wherever He got the least opportunity, no matter though the Universe were reduced to a perfect chaos, where all trace of the difference between right and wrong was lost. The forgiveness of indifference and of mere good nature is no forgiveness. But surely that is not the reconciliation that exists for ever in idea and in longing in the heart of God. God's forgiveness is the attitude of a heart full of the most poignant and tragic moral perception; of One to whom every thread of the web of life and history, so terribly tangled by sin, is one shuddering mass of living pain; of One who knows and is ready to experience—blessed be His name! who *has* experienced—the full cost of spiritual Agony which the situation demands, in order that right may be done by it.

The Godhead is neither a mass of indifference, nor a mass of sentiment, nor a mass of cold, pitiless justice. The Divine Heart is Holy Love. He neither ignores sin, nor condones it, nor sentences it *ab extra*. He *bears* it. He judges men, only by bearing sin. Christ died for the difference between right and wrong. In Him God pronounced final judgment on sin by enduring the last extremity of its agony. Christ took that agony into His pure, kind heart in order that He

might say to us, I am God's forgiveness to you. That is the only forgiveness that will satisfy my sinful heart. The crucified Christ is my assurance of reconciliation; He is the pledge of the Divine Condescension, the cost of the Divine Forgiveness, the certainty of Love's eternal agony. It is as though God's heart had broken over a lost world, and in that deed of history which culminated on Calvary, the veil were lifted for a little from off the face of the Infinite Sorrow, and sinful men were given an awesome glimpse at this eternal tragedy.

IV.

How does it all spell out into reconciliation for each of us? The passion of repentance and the passion of forgiveness that meet and mingle in the bitter-sweetness of a reconciliation are, it may with truth be said, not two experiences, but one. The more perfect the restoration, the more completely is all the spiritual commotion of pain and joy involved a single experience. Love has been defined as the heart finding itself in another. Repentance is just love finding itself in the reproach that speaks in the heart of the injured friend. Forgiveness is simply love finding itself in all the broken sorrow of the offender. These are not really two experiences but one, in the moment of reconciliation. The symbolical action of embracing is an attempt of flesh and blood to express, what we cannot well express in words, that there are no longer two estranged lives, at such a supreme moment, but that 'the two souls like two dew-drops have rushed into one.' It is in the unutterable depths of such an experience that there is at-one-ment. Christ is our Symbol in the healing of the tragic schism between the sinful soul and God. He is God's embrace of us. His Cross is the mystic meeting-place of the injured God and the offending human soul. The old word runs: 'To err is human, to forgive Divine.' We may be allowed to alter it slightly: 'To repent is human, to forgive Divine.' What we mean is that though repentance and forgiveness are the two sides of the one experience, yet when the matter is between man and God, repentance is only a finite and broken and far-off reflexion of what is experienced in forgiving. Forgiveness is the great Divine reality, in which alone all the agony of the offence is known, which alone contains in all its fulness the true sorrow for sin. Within God's forgiveness there is wrought out for

us everything that is lacking in our repentance ;—nay, it is God's forgiveness which, in the first instance, makes us forgivable by making us repentant.

Thus, while Christ's Passion is the Holy God pronouncing judgment on, by bearing, sin, Christ's Passion is at the same time the sorrow of the sinner's confession, the perfect Amen (as Dr. McLeod Campbell calls it) out of the heart of humanity to the reproach that speaks in God's injured Holy Love. Even as the hot tears of a mother over her wayward child, while they are a symbol of the cost she had to pay in the act of reconciliation, are a pathetic confession also—to her own love, but for her child's sake—of *his* sin. The case is not unknown, indeed, of mothers who, when the call came to them to forgive, actually responded to it with such passion and intensity, that they for the moment fancied it was they who had to *be forgiven*! So completely had their love set them in the room and stead of their child. The case of Pendennis and his mother comes to mind,—surely one of the most exquisite instances of reconciliation in secular literature.

“Yes, my child, I have wronged you,—thank God,—I have wronged you! . . . Come away, Arthur,—not here. I want to ask my child to forgive me,—and—and my God to forgive me; and to bless you, and love you, my son.” He led her, tottering, into the room and closed the door. . . . Ever after, ever after, the tender accents of that voice faltering sweetly at his ear,—the look of the sacred eyes, beaming with an affection unutterable,—the quiver of the fond lips, smiling mournfully,—were remembered by the young man. And at his best moments, and at his hours of trial and grief, and at his times of success or well-doing, the mother's face looked down upon him, and blessed him with its gaze of pity and purity, as he saw it in that night when she yet lingered with him; and when she seemed, ere she quite left him, an angel transfigured and glorified with love—for which love, as for the greatest of the bounties and wonders of God's provision for us, let us kneel and thank Our Father. . . . He told her the story, the mistake regarding which had caused her so much pain. . . . Never again would he wound his own honour or his mother's pure heart. . . . But she said it was she who had been proud and culpable, and she begged her dear boy's pardon. . . . As they were talking the clock struck nine, and she

reminded him how, when he was a little boy, she used to go up to his bedroom at that hour, and hear him say, “Our Father.” And once more, oh, once more, the young man fell down at his mother's knees and sobbed out the prayer which the Divine Tenderness uttered for us, and which has been echoed for twenty ages since by millions of sinful and humbled men. And as he spoke the last words of the supplication, the mother's head fell down on her boy's, and her arms closed round him, and together they repeated the words “for ever and ever,” and “Amen.”

Yes, it is a strangely moving experience, to have gone to a person to ask pardon for some offence, and to have felt the unearthly shame and humiliation of being actually asked for forgiveness by the person we had wronged. Even in that pathetic illusion of love's blindness we get a hint of the inner mystery of the Divine Forgiveness. Such an experience is shot through with the lights and shadows of Eternity. It brings us to the foot of the Cross. Not that God's Spirit in Christ's Passion confesses *our* sin to *us*; but that, identifying Himself with humanity there, and bowing side by side with men within that transcendent all-enclosing glory of Truth and Holiness which is the very ground and condition of His own Love, and upon which the stability of the universe depends, He makes (to His own greater Self, as it were), for us, and with us, the great reconciling confession. We cannot repent as we ought to repent, and we know we cannot. But at Christ's Cross we are assured that God's Forgiveness contains everything that our poor, broken, and flickering heart-sorrow lacks. Is there any Sorrow like unto that Sorrow? All my penitence, all my confession, is there—all my defeated hope and inward shame, all my blighted purity and the sense of doom,—there in the heart of that agony of the Forgiveness of God. ‘And the benefit of it we accept, as we accept a mother's prayers and tears, as something our selfishness has required, but which, henceforth, we trust our selfishness shall never shame.’

V.

Here, at the end, we find ourselves still standing on the shore of the ocean of the ‘mystery of Godliness,’ seeking only to read the message of the music of its falling waves. It is a mystery; but of light, not of darkness. It is simple with love's simplicity: it is exhaustless as love is exhaustless.

A child can begin to understand it; but the eyes of faith go searching out the length and breadth, the heights and depths of it, only to be blinded with excess of light.

Standing afar off the remorseful Peter beheld the Cross; and he wrote, long after, of 'the precious blood of Christ, as of a Lamb without blemish, spotless—predestined even before the foundation of the world.' The sight convinced him that the agony which was unveiled there was an agony which slept in the breast of God before the beginning of time. And in the great vision of the consummation of human history, there is seen 'in the midst of the Throne . . . a Lamb . . . slain.' That vision is a reflexion of the mind of the beloved disciple who stood beneath the Cross.

Above, behind, and in the Cross of Calvary there is the Eternal Cross, sin's perpetual wound in the holy heart of God. Calvary was the completing, the filling full of the anguish in the experience of God forgiving. But the moaning undertone of the Divine Pain stretches through all the span of time, and out beyond it, both before and after. 'The dull ears of the human race, confused with the wandering sounds of earth, have seldom heard it. Once or twice has an echo been caught by some earnest listening

soul, and written by the Spirit of God upon the sacred page. The impulse which prompted the immortal picture of the Suffering Servant was surely a heaving of the anguished breast of God. Then with the coming of Christ, and through the few short rushing years of the Saviour's ministry, 'swift up the sharp scale of sobs God's breast did lift,' till it ended in the mighty yearning sigh which broke upon the earth and made the Cross.

A poet has recently depicted the prayers of the nations, friend and foe alike, borne by the angel Sandalphon into the presence of God:

'With Thee, with Thee, Lord God of Sabaoth,
It rests to answer both.
Out of the obscene seas of slaughter hear,
From East and West, one prayer:
*O God, deliver Thy people. Let Thy sword
Destroy our enemies, Lord.'*

Then, on the cross of His creative pain,
God bowed His head again.
Then, East and West, over all seas and lands,
Out-stretched His pierced Hands.
Then, down in Hell they chuckled, 'West and East,
Each holds one hand at least.'

'And yet,' Sandalphon whispered, 'men deny
The Eternal Calvary.'

Literature.

THE GREAT CONDÉ.

HISTORICAL biography is either a hit or a miss. The biography of a contemporary may have elements of interest however badly it is written. But there is no excuse for a badly written biography of one who belongs to the past. It had better not be. There may be only one person who has the knowledge that is necessary to write a contemporary biography, and that person may be unqualified otherwise. A historical biography is the property of any one who takes the trouble to become master of the facts.

The Hon. Eveline Godley has written one of the best historical biographies that we have ever read. Its subject, *The Great Condé* (Murray; 15s. net), is not of absorbing interest at the present moment, and its 630 pages of unusually close type

are not alluring to the eye. But the moment we begin to read we find ourselves taken hold of by an adept in this art. The fulness of detail is found to be the cause of the fascination. And, large as the book is, the reader will be very busy indeed and very strong-willed who will lay it down before he has finished it. Most assuredly this biographer has given us a biography that will live.

How is it that the Hon. Eveline Godley has obtained the military knowledge sufficient for the description of strategical movements and intricate battles so as to put to shame the ordinary military historian? Certain it is that we obtain not only a clear conception of the court of France and of the great Condé's own character, but also a minute and intimate knowledge of the battles and sieges and marches of the end of the Thirty Years' War and the other great campaigns in which Condé

was engaged. No doubt we are much occupied with these things at the present time, and the fact that the places are sometimes those which have become so familiar to us—Ypres, Arras, and the rest—gives the book an advantage. But this biographer has a gift that is independent of any such accidental aid.

Perhaps a short quotation may be ventured. It is taken from the beginning of the second part of the book, at the moment when, on the death of his father, Condé became the head of his House.

‘To the Queen-Regent and her Ministers, Condé, entering upon his inheritance, seemed to stand like the angel of the Scriptures, having a drawn sword in his hand, stretched out over the city. War was his element; the moment he was withdrawn from active service abroad, his very existence became a danger to the State. To Mazarin, in particular, he was an object of acute personal fear and dislike. M. le Prince returned the dislike, with interest; but he feared Mazarin no more than he feared any other living being; and in that respect was ill-advised. Two superior powers he had owned; his father’s, and that of a Bourbon King. Of these, the first had been withdrawn in the course of nature; while the second was in abeyance, so long as the Royal authority was represented by a foreign Regent and her favourite Minister. The idea that he, Condé, a Bourbon, and First Prince of the Blood, should be swayed by any regard for a low-born ecclesiastic, a man whom he knew to be, physically, a coward, appeared to him nothing short of preposterous. Yet if the long duel between them ended, after many years, in the Cardinal’s victory, it was largely because the “Signor Giulio,” as Parisians called him, had too much wisdom to despise his enemies. Condé, in military matters a genius, and on most points a man of more than average attainments, still fell a victim to that deadly intellectual anæsthetic, the Bourbon pride of race. He could never, like some of his later kinsfolk, be reduced by it to a state of positive dullness and apathy; but its effects on such a temperament as his were none the less apparent in an utter want of self-control, and a warped sense of proportion.

‘Certain passages with his father and with Richelieu, to say nothing of his more recent dealings with Monsieur, show clearly enough that he was well able to rule his own spirit when he chose; and so long as he was in any sense a dependent,

he used this power, from time to time, as a matter of policy. But with the death of the elder Prince even this superficial control vanishes. Condé, believing firmly that the present state of affairs made him answerable to no one, gave himself up more and more to the impulses of the moment; undermining his hold over himself, and also, just as surely, his power over others. Only his soldier’s instinct remained untouched; stronger than any other influence, for good or evil, from within or without; at times a guide and a restraint, when all other principles had failed. In private and civil matters the weaker side of his nature came increasingly into play, passionate and unbalanced; acting on a highly-strung nervous system, which had been overtaxed from childhood. Mazarin noted it; and learned in time to spread his nets accordingly.

‘Retz and La Rochefoucauld, observers as shrewd, though less hostile, were equally alive to the Prince’s failings, and recorded them impartially. “All heroes,” says the Coadjutor, “have their weak points; that of M. le Prince was a lack of order and discipline, in one of the finest intellects in the world.” La Rochefoucauld is even more emphatic: “A genius like that of M. le Prince produces great virtues, but also great defects. He was incapable of moderation; and by the want of it he destroyed all those advantages which nature and good fortune had heaped upon him; yet if piety, justice, and steadfastness had been joined, in due proportion, to the personal valour, the courage in adversity, and the fine intellectual qualities which were to be observed in him, these same advantages would have won him a reputation more glorious than that of any great man in the past.”’

EDWIN A. ABBOTT.

This is not a biography. Dr. Abbott, though seventy-eight, is still with us, working hard and producing at least one large volume every year. The latest, and one of the largest, is the third section of his *Fourfold Gospel*, its special title being *The Proclamation of the New Kingdom* (Cambridge: At the University Press; 12s. 6d. net). It is an exposition of St. Mark’s Gospel from 1¹⁶ to 3³⁵. But although that is all the ground it covers, such is Dr. Abbott’s method that the volume contains more than five hundred pages.

That is Dr. Abbott's method, we say. Who would wish it altered? We may believe in its fundamental idea or not; in the results wrought out of the most minute and scholarly study of the Gospels we are bound to believe. We are not only bound to believe in the results, but we are sure to appropriate them. Every student of the Gospels will find Dr. Abbott at his hand in the future, and will have no hesitation in accepting the work that he has done once for all. The thoroughness of this commentary on St. Mark carries us back to the leisurely days of long ago. We wonder how it has been found possible in our own day. And our wonder only increases as we study it; for not a sentence has been written down that did not first cost research.

It may not be easy to make sermons out of these notes, not even out of the most extensive, like those on Authority or on the Eternal Sin. But if we took the trouble, how great and how fresh would the sermons be.

CROCE.

Benedetto Croce has an opportunity at present of becoming the most popular philosopher in Europe. Eucken is out of it. Bergson has been variously translated and overwritten. Troeltsch, the greatest of all, as some begin to think, is also inaccessible. But Croce is an Italian and therefore much of a *persona grata*. He writes clearly, modernly, connectedly. And he has been exceedingly fortunate in his one translator, Mr. Douglas Ainslie. Once we get over the idea of a great system of philosophy coming from Italy—for Vico has never been more than a name to us in spite of the late Professor Flint—we are likely to take Croce to our hearts and homes. And if he were to visit us now he would receive a better welcome than even Eucken received two years ago.

The latest of Croce's books to be translated is *What is Living and What is Dead of the Philosophy of Hegel* (Macmillan; 7s. 6d. net). The book was issued in Italian in 1906, and contained a Hegelian bibliography as an appendix. That bibliography was afterwards omitted, and it is omitted from the English edition. Dr. Croce proposes to bring it up to date and republish it separately. In spite of its title the book is really an appreciation of the philosophy of Hegel, just such

a critical appreciation as should furnish one with an introduction to that great but difficult writer. Says the translator, 'Hegel has at last found a critic and interpreter equal to the task. Croce has passed beyond and therefore been able to look back upon Hegel, to unravel the gorgeous yet tangled skein of his system, and supply to all future students the clue of Ariadne.'

How has Croce succeeded in turning Hegel's 'Himalayan severity and ruggedness' of style, his 'arid and difficult' system of philosophy, into 'profound yet pellucid clarity' of thought? It has been done by reading Hegel and recommending us to read him *as a poet*, 'that is without paying undue attention to the verbal form, the historical accident of what he says, but full attention to its poetic truth.' 'The cut-and-dried Hegel of the schools is thus to be avoided; and when with Croce's help we have scraped the lichen of his formulæ from the thought of Hegel, we find beneath it the true philosopher, the hater of all that is abstract and motionless, of the should-be that never is, of the ideal that is not real.'

TAUSSIG.

It seems only yesterday that we welcomed a great book on the *Principles of Economics* (Macmillan; 2 vols., 8s. 6d. net each), by F. W. Taussig, Professor of Economics in Harvard. A truly great book and easy to read, it has also proved to be a book for students. There is probably not a Chair of Economics in this country that fails to recommend it as the book on the whole subject which ought to be mastered. So already a new edition is demanded, and Professor Taussig has revised the book carefully for it. The chapter on banking in the United States has been entirely rewritten; as it now stands, it includes a description of the Federal Reserve Bank system and a consideration of the principles underlying the new legislation. The chapter on trusts and combinations has been largely re-written, with reference to the laws enacted in 1914. Considerable revision has been made in the chapter on workmen's insurance, calling attention to the noteworthy steps taken of late years in England and the United States. The chapters on taxation and especially on income taxes, and on some other topics, have been similarly brought to date.

PANCALISM.

The word Pancalism has not yet found its way into the dictionaries. It is the name which Professor J. Mark Baldwin of Baltimore has given to his system of philosophy. The name is taken from the phrase τὸ καλὸν πᾶν. It signifies that 'the universe of science is a cosmos, which is not only true but also beautiful, and in some sense good.'

Professor Baldwin is a philosopher. But he believes that philosophy can no longer live alone, it must assume to itself a helpmeet. That helpmeet is science. 'Science tells us what is true; that is science's prerogative: and whatever may be science's final word about nature, that word is in so far the truth of the matter. Philosophy then enters her question: How can such truth be also good, beautiful, livable?' To this question, then, Professor Baldwin gives his answer. 'While others say other things, and many others many other things, I say—using the liberty of this preface—It is good and true *because it is beautiful*. Nothing can be [finally] true without being beautiful, and nothing can be in any high sense good without being beautiful.'

The philosophy called Pancalism will be found expounded in a series of volumes entitled *Thought and Things; or, Genetic Logic*. The fourth and last volume stands by itself, and is issued by a different publisher from the other three. Its title is *Genetic Theory of Reality* (Putnam; 7s. 6d. net). It is dedicated 'to all those who find in Art the noblest instrument of the Spiritual Life.' That dedication is also a manifesto. It declares that while Pancalism depends for its material upon Science, it seeks its directive impulse in Art, and its final aim is the establishment of the Spiritual over all other theories of Life. It is true that Dr. Baldwin is a pluralist. But his pluralism is not a radical pluralism. It is only relative, 'one of the sort that allows at least the comprehension of the diversity of so-called realities in a larger unity of some sort, such as the unity of experience, or the unity of law.'

Most conspicuous of all, however, in the system is the place that is given to Art. How does Professor Baldwin bring Art into the service of philosophy and of religion? By means of the imagination. The value of the imagination, he holds, has been overlooked in recent philosophy. 'The determination of the intellectual factor

necessary to bring feeling into its true rôle as an instrument of epistemology has been lacking. Feeling has been left at the level of impulse or passion, or carried over into the empty form of transcendent reason.

'What has been needed is the theory of imagination, considered as a function partaking of the nature of cognition and capable of informing the affective interest, while free also to embody it. And it is not feeling alone, but will also, that is to be brought into the synthesis of intuition. The imagination must also be the instrument of the ideals of the will. This began to be prepared for in the doctrine of the imagination of Aristotle and the Italian mystics, reappeared in the theories of art of the Renaissance, and was developed in the doctrines of the schema and of art of Kant.'

MACAULAY.

The great library edition of *The History of England from the Accession of James the Second* is completed by the issue of the sixth volume (Macmillan; ros. 6d. net).

Interesting as it is to turn over the pages and glance at the illustrations, it is only when we read the text that the real interest of the illustrations is felt. We opened this volume at the page on which begins the story of Sir John Fenwick, and were led to read that story to the end, discovering that the portraits which came into the narrative at the proper place gave it an entirely new atmosphere. We had formed our own idea of each person's physiognomy—Fenwick himself, Lady Mary, Mor-daunt, and the rest,—and the discovery that the idea and the reality did not correspond compelled a reconsideration of the whole event and started new thoughts about every participator in it. Not that a portrait always gives a true conception of a man's personality. But whether it is true to his character or not, it is there, an obvious material fact, with force enough to induce rearrangement of ideas, and even an entirely new attitude to the history as a whole. That is what the introduction of portraits and other pictures into history is doing. The four-volume edition of Green's *Short History of the English People* is a very different book from the single volume we are fascinated by at first. Whether it gives us a truer idea of the history of the English people or not, it certainly gives us a different idea, and we must reckon with that.

The new volume of Macaulay contains six full page plates in colour and one hundred and thirteen other illustrations.

THE PHILOSOPHY OF CHANGE.

Bergson is not easily read in English. The translators have not always done their best. But even if Bergson had been better translated than he has been, it would still have been necessary for the sake of the multitude that some English author should bring the philosophy into an English atmosphere. That has been done by Mr. Wildon Carr. He has written a book which is as much his own as it is Bergson's. He has written it in excellent idiomatic English. He has made the fundamental principle of the philosophy of Bergson as clear to the ordinary reader as contemporary philosophy can ever be made.

Mr. Carr has called his book *The Philosophy of Change* (Macmillan; 6s. net). The title was suggested by Bergson himself. It is not a perfect title. Though it expresses the fact which Bergson claims as his great discovery, it suggests at the same time to the English reader that that fact is rather a superficial one. Now Bergson is never superficial. It is not easy, however, to find a better title. Let us take and use it; but let us beware of regarding Bergson's philosophy as a frivolous thing. Why is it called the Philosophy of Change? This is the reason: 'While science is demonstrating by direct and indirect experiment that there is no rest, but that all natural phenomena must be interpreted in terms of relative movement, in philosophy a new doctrine is maintaining that it is impossible to conceive movement to be derived from things, but things may be derived from movement. Movement is original, all else is derived. Bergson has stated this doctrine of original movement most clearly in *La Perception de Changement*, from which I will translate two passages. "Movement is the reality itself, and what we call rest (*immobilité*) is a certain state of things identical with or analogous to that which is produced when two trains are moving with the same velocity in the same direction on parallel rails; each train appears then to be stationary to the travellers seated in the other." And again: "There are changes, but there are not things that change; change does not need a support. There are movements, but there are not necessarily constant objects which are moved;

movement does not imply something that is movable."

A LECTURER.

Mr. Frank T. Bullen is certainly racy in his *Reminiscences* (Seeley; 10s. 6d. net), the last of his long list of books. He died just as the book was ready for publication. It is evident that the lecturer is born not made. No man could go through the ups and downs, or suffer what Shakespeare calls 'the whips and scorns,' of the lecturer's calling unless he were born to it. There are pleasures if you can appreciate them. There are pains which even Mr. Frank Bullen did not always appreciate.

He tells his story with joyful frankness. We should say his stories, for his story is a succession of anecdotes. And he tells them just as joyfully when he is the victim as when he is the victor. The anecdote which follows is entirely typical:

'It will be a little relief to get my mind off this business of foreign hotels to recall an experience which if it did not amuse me at the time certainly did both interest and amuse my one fellow-passenger. I booked first class, as I usually did in these days, from Huddersfield to Manchester, where I was due to lecture at the Athenæum at eight, but where I had no offer of hospitality. The train by which I travelled was timed to arrive in Manchester at about seven, ample time for me to find a hotel, change, get a meal, and arrive at the Athenæum by 7.50. But by some accident or stupidity I got into the wrong part of the train and after a long wait at Stalybridge I became disagreeably aware that something was wrong. Indeed, I was past the time I had reckoned on arriving at Manchester before we left Stalybridge, and the train was going very deliberately.

'At last I saw plainly that if I was going to get to my lecture in time it was all I should do, and turning to my sole fellow-passenger with whom, after the custom of Englishmen, I had not as yet exchanged a word, I said:

"Excuse me, sir, but do you mind if I change my clothes? I am due to lecture at the Athenæum at eight, and I fear that I have made a mistake in the train."

'He replied instantly: "Go ahead, for this train isn't due in until 7.55. Don't mind me."

'I thanked him and began, but oh, just then the

train began to cut capers and my corresponding movements about that compartment must have been amazing. My fellow-passenger laughed himself ill, especially when, struggling into a "biled" shirt, I was hurled, with both my arms prisoned, from one side of the compartment to the other. Indeed, his merriment had little cessation, for similar evolutions took place as I got into my trousers, fastened my collar, and made my white bow. When at last I had finished and he lay utterly exhausted on the cushions, he gasped out:

"Well, sir, I've never laughed so much in all my life and I'll come to hear you lecture, for I feel anxious to know how such a preparation will affect you. Besides, I need a sedative and I guess a lecture is the sort of thing to quiet the most edgy nerves."

I nodded, smiling grimly at his awkward compliment, so typical of the north, and just then the train rolled into the station on time. Giving my bag to a porter and telling him to get me a cab, I bolted to the refreshment room, where I got a glass of port and snatched a couple of hard-boiled eggs. The hall couldn't have been many yards from the station for half the second egg was in my fingers and the other half in my mouth when we arrived there. And I am afraid I was still swallowing when I stood up and faced the audience.

'Of course the lecture went off all right, they always did somehow, but my greatest triumph that night was being met by my railway acquaintance, who lugged me off to his favourite hotel and insisted upon footing my bill, because, he said, I'd given him the jolliest half-day's entertainment he'd ever had in his days, and one that would serve him with experiences to tell at his club, etc., for the rest of his life.'

The Rev. W. M. Grant, M.A., who wrote so excellent a Text-book for Bible Classes on Genesis, has wisely been chosen to write a similar Text-book on Exodus and the books associated with it. The title is *The Founders of Israel* (Office of the United Free Church of Scotland; 6d.).

Mr. Grant has the necessary gifts for the writing of text-books. He is a scholar, acquainted with the work done before him and sensitive to the least addition made to our knowledge of the period. He is a preacher, aware of the necessity of making the Bible an instrument in the building

of character. He is a teacher, alert and experienced. And he is a master of the English language. These gifts are all necessary to the highest success in the writing of such a book as this. For the day is for ever past in which the introductory books were the most abstruse of all books and the most unreliable. Every page of this excellent manual is instinct with life and reality. Let us quote a single passage:

The Song of the Sea.—The Deliverance from Egypt was celebrated in the Song of Moses, the first Te Deum in history and one of the finest of the Bible odes of victory.

The Lord is my strength and my song
And He is become my Salvation.

A chorus of women joined in the praises of the glad day, with Miriam 'the prophetess' at their head leading the refrain:

Sing ye to the Lord for He hath triumphed
gloriously,

The horse and his rider hath He thrown into
the sea.

Though there are words and phrases in the Song that imply later additions, 'nothing else disturbs the impression that the vivid verses are the celebration of the scene by one who has witnessed it.'

Is it lawful to rejoice so exultingly as the Song does over a fallen enemy? Dr. Maclaren asks the question that has such an intense interest for us at this time,—'Does Christianity forbid us to rejoice when some mighty system of wrong and oppression, with its tools and accomplices, is cleared from off the face of the earth?' And the great preacher answers his own question,—'When the wicked perish, there is shouting.'

Yet, while we rejoice over a victory, we should have no 'hymns of hate.' In the *Odyssey*, Ulysses forbids his old nurse to exult over the dead bodies of enemies who were most justly slain. 'Within thine own heart rejoice, O nurse, and be still, for it is an unholy thing to boast over slain men.' The Jewish Rabbis have a beautiful legend, which shows the heart of chivalrous humanity that is found in the Hebrew religion. 'When the Egyptians were overthrown and drowned, the Angels of God were about to sing for joy. But God checked them, and said, "My creatures are lying drowned in the sea, and do ye desire to sing before Me?"' This is the nobler way. In time

of war, when unworthy passion is easily roused, though we praise God for victory, we should not, 'like lesser breeds without the law,' forget the humanity and generosity we owe in the presence of death.

In the Book of Revelation the Song of Moses is lifted up from earth and taken into the praises of the Upper Sanctuary. The Saints of God, standing on the shore of the new Life, sing 'The Song of Moses and the Song of the Lamb.' Thus the beautiful figure of the Psalmist is fulfilled:

Righteousness and Peace have kissed each other.

The Schools Personal Service Association has brought itself into notice by the issue of a Handbook of Personal Service. The title of the book is *I Serve* (A. & C. Black; 1s. 4d.). The author is Mr. George H. Green. In a short preface the Hon. Mrs. Alfred Lyttelton commends the 'admirable little book' highly. 'The teaching is simple and simply expressed—the book is in itself a preface to wider reading and study—and it is also a guide to the right ways in which quickened impulses should be used.' Every teacher and every sensible parent will secure the book and approve of the recommendation.

The Rev. H. P. V. Nunn, M.A., has published a *Key to the Elements of New Testament Greek* (Cambridge: At the University Press; 2s. net).

Dr. Alfred Plummer has written the volume on *The Gospel according to St. Mark* for the new issue of 'The Cambridge Bible for Schools and Colleges' (Cambridge: At the University Press; 2s. net). He holds that it is undecided yet whether or not Mark used Q; but the hypothesis of an *Ur-Marcus* he emphatically rejects. In his notes he uses all the great books, but the ideas (as well as their expression) are his own. They are, as always, well considered and weighty. For fuller knowledge he refers at every point to the Dictionaries, most of all to the *DICTIONARY OF CHRIST AND THE GOSPELS*.

Lord Rosebery is most himself in character-sketching. His address on *Dr. Chalmers* is a masterpiece. It may be had from Mr. David Douglas (6d. net).

At Drummond's Tract Depôt in Stirling there is published a batch of little books, including *Talks on Personal Testimony* (3d.), and *The Soldier's Text-Book* (3d.)—the latter fit to enter the pocket, any pocket, after it is full.

To say that *The Hope of the Kingdom of God*, by the Rev. George C. Walker, B.A. (Edgeley Press, Stockport), reminds us of a work with a similar title by Professor A. G. Hogg, is to say a good deal. But we can say more. Set it beside Professor Hogg's book and it will not suffer. Mr. Walker has read carefully, and it will repay any student to spend time on these Bible Study Notes.

Lady Dunboyne has published a small volume of *Essays for Girls* (Wells Gardner; 1s. 6d. net). Dedicating the volume to her granddaughters, she says: 'Years ago, before most of you were born, I wrote the following essays for the *Girls' Own Paper*. The Editor at the time kindly gave me leave to republish them, but instead of availing myself of his permission I put them away with other papers for which I had no use then, but for which I though I might have use in the dim future.' And the dim future has arrived. The essays are not above the average intellect, and they give good advice pleasantly. The topics are Reading, Indolence, Study, Calmness, Empire Day, and so on.

To Messrs. Kelly's 'Manuals for Christian Thinkers,' Professor W. F. Lofthouse has contributed a volume on *The Making of the Old Testament* (1s. net). The Old Testament is not Professor Lofthouse's special subject, but the Wesleyan professors are compelled, or it is their pleasure, to be conversant with the whole Bible, together with all the theology and ethics that flow from it. No Old Testament specialist could write a better book for the beginner than this, a clearer, saner, or more reliable book.

The Rev. Josiah Flew, Ph.D., does not think that the only men and women worth preaching about are contained in the Bible. In *Saints of Yesterday* (Kelly; 2s. 6d. net) he has published a series of Addresses to Young Men and Women on the lives of men, some of whom are quite modern, like Henry Drummond, McLaren of Manchester, and Dr. Arthur Jackson of Manchuria. Others, as Wesley and St. Francis, are not so modern. But

all are of like passions such as we are, and they call us to love and duty almost as strongly as Joseph the son of Jacob, or Andrew the brother of Simon. Dr. Flew has a keen sense of what will appeal to youth; and whatever he wishes to do he has words to do it with.

The Rev. W. Forbes Leith, S.J., has compiled a list of the names, writings, and public services of *Pre-Reformation Scholars in Scotland in the XVIIth Century* (MacLehose; 6s. net). His object is not purely, perhaps not primarily, scientific, but apologetic. He desires to show that the Reformation is not to be regarded simply as 'the creation of light to illuminate a previous period of darkness.' He admits that 'after years of anarchy and destructive wars, ignorant and unworthy men did find their way into the Church.' But 'that the ignorance of the Scottish clergy was either so crass or so general as some writers would have us believe is,' he says, 'contrary to all analogy, and may be proved to be unsupported by impartial and contemporary evidence.' We need not trouble with the apologetics. The facts are really well known and indisputable. What we welcome is the fine scholarly work of a bibliographical kind which the volume contains. So well has that been done that to the historian the book is of priceless worth. It is, moreover, a handsome volume, fully and expensively illustrated.

Under the title of *The Rise of Modern Religious Ideas* (Macmillan; 6s. 6d. net), Professor A. C. McGiffert of Union Theological Seminary, New York, has written a short history of those forms of religious life and thought which are most familiar to the present generation. The book will be very useful to the young. Those who have been at or near the beginning of such movements as Agnosticism will receive enjoyment. But for the rising generation the book will be full of instruction.

The topics which Professor McGiffert deals with are divided by him into two classes. Under 'Disintegration' he brings Pietism, The Enlightenment, Natural Science, and The Critical Philosophy. Under 'Reconstruction' he has a larger list: The Emancipation of Religion, The Rebirth of Speculation, The Rehabilitation of Faith, Agnosticism, Evolution, Divine Immanence, Ethical Theism, The Character of God, The Social Emphasis, and Religious Authority.

These topics are so handled that we see their

individual worth and yet recognize their relation to one another. Nor does Dr. McGiffert draw a hard-and-fast line between *modern* religious ideas and ideas that are not so modern. It is one purpose of his book to show that, as Bergson would say, there is perpetual change, but that change is never abrupt or inconsequential.

The faith which St. Paul believed in was 'faith which worketh by love.' That kind of faith is brought before us, at work in the world, in a series of seven lectures delivered by Dean Hodges before the Lowell Institute, and now published in an attractive volume under the title of *Faith and Social Service* (Macmillan; 5s. 6d. net).

What are the topics? They are: (1) The New Forces; (2) Indifference; (3) Doubt; (4) Poverty; (5) Labour; (6) Moral Reform; (7) The City; and (8) The Divided Church. There is progress in the thought. The chapters are not independent. The book is a whole. We should say that it is better to read the book than it could have been to listen to the lectures, because you can read the book at a sitting and recognize the strength of it. There is little theory and much practice. Into all the pain and privation of poverty, for example, Dean Hodges carries his faith in Christ, not to say 'Depart in peace, be ye clothed and fed,' and not to clothe and feed indiscriminately, but to show what consideration and co-operation can do, and bid us do it. For the most part the style is quiet; now and again it rises into passionate appeal.

The idea of Evolution has completely captured the popular mind in America. 'Evolution,' says Professor A. G. Keller of Yale, 'is the fashion, and to affect evolutionary terminology is one method of lending a pseudo-dignity to the trivial.' It is long since sociological subjects were subjected to its dominion. And now it is little surprising to receive a book, written by Professor Keller himself, on *Societal Evolution* (Macmillan; 6s. 6d. net).

Unlike most of the writers who use evolutionary language, Professor Keller began by asking himself what Evolution means. He took the word, as so many do, as equivalent to Darwinism; and he tells us that in order to obtain some clear conception of what that is, he went to the works of Darwin and of Darwin's interpreter Huxley, and read what he thinks very few people read now.

Having read Darwin and Huxley, Professor Keller 'came to the question as to the validity of extending Darwinism and its terminology to the life of human society. As to this matter, I have come to believe that the Darwinian factors of variation, selection, transmission, and adaptation are active in the life of societies as in that of organisms. Selection, for example, is none the less selection—not merely *like* natural selection in a vague way—because it is observed in another field and is seen there to act after another mode characteristic of that field.'

Accordingly we have in this book an application of all the Darwinian methods and of all the Darwinian terms to the relationship of man to man. The progress of social life is due, as the progress of organic life is due, to selection, transmission, adaptation, and the rest. And it cannot be denied that a good case is made out for the method. The book has the merits of carefulness in the choice of facts and the clearness almost of conviction in their arrangement. If its attitude is unfamiliar, that will only compel its conclusions to be more severely criticised; it will not disprove their validity. Sometimes the reading is a little difficult. This is not because the style is bad, it is due to the scarcity of illustrations. A concrete case here and there would greatly relieve the strain of a long course of reasoning.

Professor Theodore de Laguna of Bryn Mawr College has written an *Introduction to the Science of Ethics* (Macmillan; 7s. 6d. net). It is his belief that the science of ethics is making progress as surely and as rapidly as any other science, and his secondary purpose is to record that progress. But his primary purpose is to introduce the student to the science. He has written a book that covers the whole ground, and with sufficient fulness to meet the demands of degree and all other examinations except the highest.

His book is divided into three parts. In the first part Professor de Laguna surveys the field of ethics in well-pruned but quite intelligible language, and in carefully printed paragraphs. In the second part he describes in chronological order the great classical schools, beginning with the Sophists and ending with the Hedonists. In the third part he discusses the Evolutionary Theory of Moral Values. Within this last part fall the results of recent study. The two parts which precede it give the necessary

data for the history of ethics: this part sets the student down in the ethical world of his own day and shows him how present discussion is related to the past and what problems it is leaving for the future.

Being an American, Dr. de Laguna is of course an evolutionist. But evolution is no accident; not even a happy family of accidents. 'The contrast,' he says, 'between the ethics of to-day and that of the eighteenth century is, in fact, typical of the relations between our science and theirs. Men had not yet learned to think in evolutionistic terms. And so long as they were limited to a choice between eternity and immutability on the one hand, and capricious change on the other, they were generally right in choosing the former alternative. When, for example, it was suggested that once upon a time man went on all-fours, the sober science of 1750 could not do otherwise than reject the theory as ridiculous. The manner in which the head is joined to the body; the disproportionate length of the legs as compared with the arms; the structure of the feet and ankles; these and a host of other considerations made it reasonably certain that man had always been a biped. Shall we nevertheless say that this was a mistake? If we do, our judgment is a shallow one. It is true that in the dim geological past our ancestors were quadrupeds; and this the eighteenth century did not know. But the modification that has taken place has been no superficial change of habit, but a continuous and profound evolution of the human organism.'

A book for the young, on the Apocalypse, inspired by the work of Dr. J. A. Seiss, has been written by the lady who calls herself 'Aunt Kate.' Its title is *Heaven on Earth and How it will come* (Marshall Brothers; 3s. 6d. net). With our experience of popular books on the Apocalypse making us extremely cautious, we have been much drawn to this book. Its leading thought is sound. John did desire to give us a heaven on earth; he did wish to tell us how it might come. The explanation of the details is a different matter. But there is no foolish extravagance here.

The Free Church Year Book for 1915 (Meyer; 2s. 6d. net) is, of course, much taken up with the War. Some of the best war sermons yet published are to be found in it. There is much thought

given to the first question of all—whether war is ever justifiable. But there are also many good papers on the effects of this war—its effect on temperance, on co-operation, and the like.

Messrs. Morgan & Scott have published (1) *The World War, and After*, by Mr. Alfred E. Knight (2s. net); (2) a new edition of *George Whitefield*, a short biography by Mr. J. R. Andrews (1s. 6d.); (3) *God Manifest*, by Mr. F. Orton-Smith, B.A. (1s. net); and the first volume (Genesis to Numbers) of an edition of *The Holy Bible* according to the Authorized Version, to be completed in eight volumes (1s. net).

So much has been done in the scientific study of sex during the last ten years that Dr. Havelock Ellis, in preparing his classical book on *Man and Woman* for a new edition, has found it necessary, even after omitting certain portions, to enlarge the book considerably. It now occupies 563 pages (Walter Scott; 6s. net). Yet, he says, 'notwithstanding all pioneering activity in the world of science and all practical activity in the world of affairs, we may rest assured that the outlook remains the same. Some years ago I came upon a remarkable book written nearly a century ago by the Vicomte J. A. de Ségur, *Les Femmes, leur Condition et leur Influence dans l'Ordre Social*. "The object of my work," he stated, "is to prove that the two sexes are equal though different; that there is complete compensation; and that if one sex seems to possess essential qualities that the other lacks, we cannot refuse to that other not less precious qualities which are peculiar to it." It was, expressed in almost identical words, the conclusion I had reached in the present book. It is a conclusion I hear to-day from voices that speak with authority on many sides. "Each sex," asserts the anatomist Professor Giuffrida-Ruggeri, "is perfectly adult in all its characters." "The equality of the sexes in the human species," remarks the anthropologist, Professor Manouvrier, in his latest discussion of the question, "may be regarded as an equivalence which involves equal duties as well as equal rights. But equality or equivalence by no means implies resemblance." The extravagances of a section of one sex may evoke counterbalancing extravagances in the other sex. The serenity of those whose vision is wide enough to embrace all the factors at work will remain undisturbed.'

Nothing proves more conclusively that 'life and immortality have been brought to light in Christ' than the fact that whenever Christ loses His authority over a man, that man begins to look round for proofs of immortality. Such a man is the Rev. John Haynes Holmes, minister of the Church of the Messiah, New York. Mr. Holmes looks upon Christ as a mere man, who knew no more about the other world than a good man may be expected to do, which is practically nothing. And so, under the title of *Is Death the End?* (Putnam's; 6s. net), he writes a large book into which he gathers all the reasons that can be found in this life in favour of a life to come. The reasons are not convincing, of course. Every one of them could be met by a counter-reason. Even in their cumulation they are not convincing. And yet for the sake of those who 'stretch lame hands of faith' it is well to bring them forward. Mr. Holmes makes always a legitimate use of his materials. He is in earnest, and just because he is in earnest is he careful to press no proof further than it will carry.

The Rev. Harrington C. Lees, M.A., is an untiring student of the New Testament. Whatever else we read in *The Churchman*, we read his Notes on Passages. But he is not only a commentator, he is also an author. In beautiful language and in as beautiful a spirit he has written a book on *The Divine Master in Home Life* (R.T.S.; 3s. 6d.). Beginning with the life of our Lord in 'His Father's Home' before He came into the world in flesh, he proceeds to tell us how He fared in 'His Mother's Home' in Nazareth. He then shows us His way in all the duties of the family and with all its inmates. The chapter on Christ and the Children gives him an opportunity which he has not missed. It is a book of utmost loyalty, without a suspicion of narrowness. How much might some of those who speak coldly of 'the historical Jesus' give to be able to feel and write about Him as this man does?

The Ven. Algernon Ward, M.A., Archdeacon of Egypt, has compressed his *Meditations on the Cardinal Virtues* into small bulk (S.P.C.K.; 6d.), but he has said memorable things. Every sentence is worth reading twice.

The Coming of the Kingdom of Christ to the

Roman Empire during the First Four Centuries is the long title of a short book by the Rev. W. C. Tuting, D.D. (S.P.C.K.; 1s. net). It contains five popular lectures on the early progress of the Gospel. Good reasons are given for the progress.

It is evident from the contents of his new volume that Archdeacon Basil Wilberforce has been preaching plentifully on the War. The title tells us. It is *The Battle of the Lord* (Elliot Stock; 3s. net). The title of every sermon tells us. And Archdeacon Wilberforce is pursued by no fears that in engaging in this war we are not doing our Father's business. He is much less concerned, in truth, to vindicate the war than to send men to the front. He finds a recruiting text on every other page of the Bible.

Mr. J. M. Robertson, M.P., has issued the third edition of *A Short History of Freethought* (Watts; 2 vols., 10s. net). The word 'short' is relative. This 'Short History' now occupies over a thousand pages octavo. What would be the extent of a 'long' history of freethought? The new edition has had a fair amount of care bestowed upon it—as much, we are sure, as Mr. Robertson's political duties could spare—and an effort has been made, not quite successfully, to bring it up to date.

The book is not a history in the ordinary use of that word. It is rather an apologetic. Mr. Robertson is much too keen a 'rationalist' to write impartial history. His aim is to commend freethought. To him it is equivalent to true thought, and there is no other form of thought admissible. He is glad of the help of science in his battle with religion, but he has no intention of being simply scientific himself. He writes his *History of Freethought* with as conscious an ill-will to Christianity as Gibbon had, and with far more numerous opportunities of expressing it. The history of every movement should be written by a believer in it. But the believer should have the courage to doubt, if not its perfectability, at least its perfection.

It must be admitted that Mr. Robertson's apologetic gives him one advantage. He is not lost in the bog of speculation as to what freethought is. To him it is every movement of

thought that is against religion. But that, again, is the greatest weakness of his book. The movements that have been directed against religion are so varied that they cannot be brought under one title. They are, indeed, in some cases more antagonistic to one another than to religion.

Mr. Robertson's apologetic object leads him to look for irreligion where it is not to be found. He gathers art as well as science into his net indiscriminately. One of the most amusing results is that he solemnly claims Shakespeare as a freethinker. Shakespeare has been claimed by all the trades and professions: we think he would have said some interesting things if he had foreseen Mr. Robertson.

As Troeltsch shows in his article in *THE ENCYCLOPEDIA OF RELIGION AND ETHICS*, the apologetic for freethought has fallen upon evil days. As a system, as any combination of systems that can be brought under one name, it is a failure. In Troeltsch's words it is 'a shallow illusion now finally dispelled.'

Some men preach their sermons, and some men write them. Dr. John Hunter has always done both. A most attractive preacher, every sermon he publishes finds far more readers than can be crowded into church or chapel. His publishers have now re-issued two volumes at a cheap price—*God and Life* and *De Profundis Clamavi* (Williams & Norgate; 2s. net each).

The latest *Bulletin of the John Rylands Library, Manchester*, is right good reading. The Library Notes and News with which it opens are both literature and philanthropy. They tell us what the Librarian has been doing on behalf of the destroyed library of Louvain. Then there is an article on that library by Dr. Léon van der Essen, the Louvain Professor of History, who has been attached for the present to the University of Chicago. A further article describes delightfully the steps which the John Rylands librarian is taking to reconstruct the Louvain library. But besides that, which is all very good, there are two special articles worth reading, one by Dr. Rendel Harris on 'The Origin of the Cult of Dionysos,' and one by Dr. Mingana on 'An important Old Turki Manuscript.'

‘The Lord of Hosts.’

BY M. GASTER, PH.D., CHIEF RABBI, SPANISH AND PORTUGUESE CONGREGATIONS, LONDON.

‘THE LORD OF HOSTS,’—is this translation correct? This is not a new problem. It has been discussed from many points of view. There is a large literature on the subject, which is summed up best in the *Encyclopædia Biblica* (s.v. ‘Names,’ § 123, col. 3328). But I venture to think that it has not been approached from that point of view in which I wish to present it. Is the tradition unanimous which sanctions this construction and the translation of the word ‘Sabaoth’ in this connexion, as an appellation in the meaning of ‘Hosts’?

For a long time I have been struck by the appearance of ‘Sabaoth’ as a separate, definite name among the names of God in mystical conjurations and magical formulæ. Whatever one may think of these mystical speculations and peculiar vagaries of teachers of occult science, there cannot be any doubt that they have preserved to us some ancient traditions of an esoteric character.

I have come to this conclusion after a long investigation of these magical documents among Jews, Samaritans, and other sects. It is obvious that those who expected thaumaturgical results from their manipulations of the divine name would have taken care to use that name and every other divine name in complete accord with the tradition of such names. They would not use a mere attribute of God as a proper name. We do not find in any magical formulæ which contain lists of divine names any one among them such as ‘merciful,’ ‘gracious,’ etc. (Ex 34⁶), used as if it were a name; on the contrary, we find regularly the name ‘Sabaoth,’ standing by itself and considered of equal value with such other names as El, Elohîm, Adonâi, Shaddai, and even the Tetragrammaton. It is evident that to the authors of those ancient magical invocations and conjurations ‘Sabaoth’ did not mean ‘the God of hosts,’ but was taken as a name, quite independent of what its real meaning may originally have been. The Greek magical papyri abound in that name (vide Wessely, *Ephesia Grammata*, Wien, 1886 *passim*).

Of no less importance is the testimony of the Gnostic authors of Pistis Sophia, ‘The Words of Jeu,’ and of the anonymous treatises which have

been published in German translation from the Koptic by C. Schmidt (*Koptisch-Gnostische Schriften*, Leipzig, 1905). Sabaoth the Great and the Small are recognized divine spirits, nay, in some instances they are called ‘The Father of Jesus’ (vide Index, s.v.). The Word is taken as a Name of God, a manifestation of God, and not as meaning a ‘Host’ or ‘Hosts.’ The original meaning of the word had already been lost, if it had ever been connected with it in the combination IHVH Sabaoth. No less clear is it that this word was considered equivalent with ‘IHVH’ from the ‘Ialdabaoth’ of the Gnostics, so prominent in the above-mentioned Gnostic texts (vide Index, s.v.). [This is the outcome of the combination: ‘Yah-el-Sabaoth’ the Šade of the original Hebrew was probably pronounced more like the Arabic *ḏ* differentiated in writing only by a dot and pronounced more like the Greek sibilant *ʃ* and then hardened into *d* by people who could not pronounce the letter properly.] The rôle assigned to Ialdabaoth falls little short of that assigned to God Himself, and no attempt is made to see in it ‘The God of hosts,’ but only ‘God Sabaoth.’

This has remained the unchanged form in all magical conjurations and amulets down to Agrippa, Faust’s *Höllenzwang*, in the collection of such conjurations tolerated by the Catholic Church (*Thesaurus Exorcismorum Coloneæ*, 1626) there are numerous examples in which the name ‘Sabaoth’ figures along with the other well-known names of God, among them also ‘Omega’ and ‘Alpha.’

The numerous ‘Keys of Solomon’ and the ‘Sixth and Seventh Book of Moses,’ and ‘Great Grimoires,’ etc., bring this tradition down to our days.

All throughout we find ‘Sabaoth nomen Dei,’ as the author of the *Thesaurus Exorcismorum*, p. 53, explains.

If we turn now to the Biblical Scriptures we find ‘The Lord Sabaoth’ twice mentioned in the N.T. (Ro 9²⁹ and Ja 5⁴). In both cases A.V. and R.V. leave the last word ‘Sabaoth’ untranslated, just as it is in the Greek, where it has not been translated into ‘Host’ or ‘Hosts,’ but has been retained in the original Hebrew form.

The authors of the Epistles thus show us that they also did not take this word to stand in any grammatical connexion with the preceding 'Lord,' and that it was, as it were, a peculiar name of God. As such it was not to be translated, but it was only to be transcribed into Greek letters.

It is surprising that in both cases the A.V. and R.V. translate 'The Lord of Sabaoth.' There is no apparent justification for such a construction.

If we turn now to the O.T. we shall be met by some remarkable facts concerning the use of this divine name.

Coming to the O.T., M. Lohr (*Untersuchungen zum Buch Amos*, Giessen, 1901, p. 38 ff.) has grouped together all the passages in which IHVH Sabaoth appears either only as I.S. or in combination with Elohim or Elohē, with and without the article. He has given also in parallel columns the version of the LXX.

We find that 'The Lord of Sabaoth' is not mentioned even *once* throughout the whole of the Pentateuch, Joshua, and Judges. The first time these two words are mentioned is 1 S 1⁸, then sporadically in the other historical books such as Kings and Chronicles. It is then used very frequently by Isaiah, Jeremiah, Zechariah, and Malachi. In the other minor prophets it occurs in most of them sporadically, and even then in a modified form. So also out of the one hundred and fifty psalms the use of it is limited to six, and even then not in an unmixed form. It does not occur once in the other books of the Hagiographa, neither in Daniel, Ezra, and Nehemiah, nor Job and Proverbs, nor in any of the five Scrolls (Ecclesiastes, Songs, Esther, Lamentations, and Ruth). But what is still more surprising is that it is not used once by the prophet Ezekiel. Surely there must be some reason for this very curious phenomenon. Why should it not have been used by the authors of the Pentateuch, Joshua, and Judges, and why should the prophet Ezekiel in contradistinction to all the other prophets avoid systematically using a phrase which occurs in the writings of Isaiah and Jeremiah scores of times? No satisfactory explanation has, as far as I am aware, yet been given. I can only advance a tentative one.

It is obvious that this change of name, which starts from the sanctuary in Shiloh, is mentioned for the first time in connexion therewith (1 S 1⁸). It connotes a deliberate departure from

another usage, and is a distinct cleavage between the nomenclature of the preceding books, and no doubt also with the preceding practice. It is henceforth associated very closely with the school of the prophets, and finds its votaries mostly, if not exclusively, among those to whom Jerusalem becomes the holy city, and the temple therein the sanctuary of the Lord.

The prophets and priests from the time of Samuel onward make regular use of it. If this phrase denotes a deliberate departure from another usage, then we must try to find a corresponding phrase in the other books for which this is a substitute. Now, in the first place, it must be pointed out that the word 'Sabaoth' is a plural form. It is probably intended to be a substitution for another word also in the plural. The word remains unchanged. No suffixes or prefixes are added, and, with but rare exceptions, not even the article. It is treated as a proper name, not as an attribute or appellation.

The counterpart to and parallel of Lord Sabaoth is Lord God or IHVH Elohim. Now it is a fact that this combination occurs very often in the Pentateuch, and the use of it dwindles down to rare occasions such as Is 2¹¹ 7⁷. It is not used in Samuel. In Kings it occurs once (2 K 19¹⁹), and in Chronicles twice (1 Ch 17¹⁶ 28²⁰). Not one single time is the combination IHVH Elohim to be found in Psalms, Proverbs, Ecclesiastes, Isaiah, Hosea, and Amos. Occasionally we get a combination of Elohim and Sabaoth (Ps 80^{8, 15}); Am 4¹³ 5¹⁴ 15⁶ has Elohē Sabaoth. In these we may see the transition stage, for verily the form Sabaoth is intended by the prophets, who used it in conjunction with IHVH, to take the place of Elohim.

It is further to be noted that whilst Elohim is declined and suffixes are often added to it, the word Sabaoth, as already remarked, retains its rigid inflexibility throughout the Bible. Only when combined with Elohē in the stat. constr. in the three passages in which these two words appear thus combined, the article ה is added to Sabaoth: so Hos 12⁷, Am 3¹³ 6¹⁴, against which there are to be set down the other passages Am 4¹³ 5^{14, 18, 26} 6⁸, where we have Elohē Sabaoth without the article. All this cannot be a mere accident. There must be a deeper reason for what I believe to be the substitution of Sabaoth for Elohim carried out so consistently by the great prophets Isaiah and

Jeremiah, and adhered to by Zechariah and Malachi. The form of the word Sabaoth is highly significant. Though in the plural form it corresponds entirely with the plural form of Elohim, none the less it is never felt as such. It was a technical term—a name—the grammatical form of which was entirely ignored.

Concerning the ancient versions the LXX show a difference of treatment. Whilst he who translates Isaiah merely transcribed the word, the translators of other books gave the Greek equivalent for 'Host.' We have here evidently two traditions, Jerome agreeing also with the latter, but the Targum never attempts to translate the word but retains it unchanged in its Hebrew form, and so does practically the Peshittā.

The teachers in the schools of the prophets must mark a certain advance in the attempt of eliminating from the notions connected with God anything which might lead the people to retain false ideas. They must have been anxious to remove everything that might become a 'stumbling-block before the blind.' They may have felt a difficulty arising out of the combination of the Ineffable Name IHVH, by which alone God was to be designated, with any Elohim, a title which could be applied indiscriminately to any heathen god.

The word 'Elohim' lends itself to a wide application. It was necessary to limit the application and so to circumscribe the name of God as to exclude any possible confusion between the Lord and the gods.

Of course such a change had to be made very gradually. It did not obtain at once general sanction, nor could it at once eliminate the popular use of Lord and Elohim. Hence the vacillation notable among some of the minor prophets and the occasional lapses in Isaiah and Jeremiah, although they adhere most rigorously to the phrase 'Lord Sabaoth.'

When we reach the time of the Exile, we find on the one side Zechariah and Malachi adhering also strictly to the use sanctioned by the greater prophets; but on the other hand, neither the authors of the Psalms countenance such use, nor what is no less important the prophet Ezekiel.

At that time the wave of idolatry had spent itself. There was no longer any fear that the people might turn to heathen gods to worship.

This prophet takes up an attitude totally unlike that of any other prophet. He goes much further.

Not once does he use the phrase 'Lord Sabaoth,' and he also consistently avoids the other phrase 'Lord Elohim.'

Both Sabaoth and Elohim are eliminated, and their place is taken by another phrase in which the constituent parts have, so to say, been reversed. In order to come to some more definite result it is advisable to enlarge the scope of the investigation and not to limit it, as has hitherto been done, only to IHVH Sabaoth. Other names of God must be drawn within the sphere of research and comparison, especially the use of the name Adonāi, whose meaning is perfectly transparent and not open to any doubt or misunderstanding. The root *Adon* means simply 'master.' It is well known that this latter has become the equivalent in pronunciation for the Ineffable IHVH. This word Adonāi for the name of God is used in most of the books of the Bible. Though not frequent, it is not unknown in the Pentateuch, where it occurs six times.

Among the other books it occurs in Isaiah twenty-one times, and in Psalms no less than forty-four times, whilst curiously enough it never occurs in Jeremiah, but is found no less than thirteen times in Lamentations! This frequency in Psalms and Lamentations may be due to the use made of these portions of the Bible in the Jewish Liturgy and the desire of the scribes to avoid writing IHVH. In the combination, however, of Adonāi and IHVH, used almost exclusively by Ezekiel, one must recognize a further step in that change which started with the combination of Lord Sabaoth. It is noteworthy that the LXX do *not* translate here the Hebrew word, but transliterate Adonāi; and for IHVH, in spite of the Massoretic vocalization, they translate Kyrios as it is translated in the Bible. It is difficult as yet to suggest the real reason for such a change, but even the use of Sabaoth in conjunction with IHVH may have appeared to Ezekiel still open to some possible misconception, and he therefore eliminated it also from his prophecies and used only names such as would not allow any possible misconception. The remarkable collocation IHVH Adonāi in Hab 3¹⁹ may now be a help to settle the vexed question of the date of this prophecy. It is so much like the use of these elements by Ezekiel, though in a different order.

In this connexion it may not be uninteresting to note that the Samaritans have never used the

phrase IHVH Sabaoth in their whole liturgy. But it is significant that the only occasion on which I have found the Samaritans making use of that phrase is in the mystical phylactery which is now being published by me in the *Proceeds. Bibl. Archaeology*, 1915, p. 96 ff. Thus far we have been able to trace a peculiar history in the use of this phrase.

It is not here the place to discuss the use in the Bible of every name applied to God. A detailed investigation may lead to some surprising results. The only question to be dealt with here is the name *Sabaoth*. It remains now to examine what is the meaning of this word and how it is to be translated, if translated at all. The answer depends to a great extent as to how IHVH Elohim is to be translated. It is, I submit, a complete misconception of the inner development when it is suggested (*vide* Gesenius, Brown, *s.v.* 'Sabaoth,' and *Encyclopædia Biblica*) that Sabaoth is the older, and Elohim the late name given to God. Equally wrong is the translation 'Lord of Hosts,' *i.e.* of the hosts of Israel, and the idea that it originated with the warlike operations of David. Real warlike operations with more important issues were those under Joshua for the conquest of Canaan, and under the Judges when the people were harassed from every side and had to fight for their existence, and yet 'Lord of Hosts' is never used in the books of Joshua and Judges. It can only be understood as a parallel expression to 'Elohim,' and as little as we can say 'The Lord of Elohim' so little can we say 'The Lord of Hosts.' We are just as little helped by knowing that 'Elah' means *God*, as by that of the word 'Saba' meaning *host*. In the plural form in which they are used with a 'singular' significance, they have lost their original meaning and have assumed a certain theological complexion. The intention in both cases has not been to intensify the single name IHVH, as has hitherto been universally accepted, by translating the words 'The Lord of Hosts' or 'The Lord God.' The object and aim of these additions to IHVH was to create a real apposition and to bring out clearly what IHVH was to signify. I have never been able to understand the translation, 'I am the Lord your God,' with which so many commandments in the Bible end. Nay, not even the first commandment in Ex 20². It means nothing new and conveys nothing of any specific character to justify the commandment just given, or to commend it

strongly to the people. If the ending would be 'I am your God' alone it would apparently not alter the significance unless the combination of the two names 'is intended to convey a specific meaning. The matter is however quite different, when we translate, as I have done, 'I the Lord (IHVH) am your God.' Here we have a definite declaration. The people are told that above all the Elohim IHVH alone is *The God* of Israel, and it is because of that, that the commandments are to be strictly observed, for the Lord will certainly punish and requite. This is also the meaning of Ex 20², 'I the Lord (IHVH) am thy God, who has brought thee out,' etc., *none* other. This would explain why this verse is counted by the Jews as the *first* commandment. It establishes the divinity of IHVH, and v.⁸ follows then quite logically and consistently, 'Thou shalt have *none other* gods (Elohim) before me, only IHVH is *thy* God.' This explanation is still more supported by the great proclamation of the Jewish faith. A.V. and R.V. translate, 'Hear, O Israel, the Lord our God is one Lord.' In my translation of the Hebrew Prayer Book I have rendered this verse, 'Here, O Israel, the Lord is our God, the Lord is one,' for thereby not only the unity of the Lord is proclaimed, but also that the Lord alone is our God, and no other divinity under whatever other name it may go. This explanation can easily be supported by many instances in the Bible, *e.g.* 'thou mightest know that IHVH is the Elohim' (Dt 4⁸⁵). This is brought out very emphatically in the great scene on Mt. Carmel (1 K 18) which otherwise loses its point. The prophet Elijah chides the people and bids them decide whether the Lord (IHVH) is the God (Elohim), and the people then exclaimed twice, 'The Lord he is the God' (vv. 21, 37, 39). In the light of this interpretation a passage like that in Jer 16^{20, 21} receives a new interpretation.

These examples can easily be multiplied, proving that the real translation of IHVH Elohim is 'The Lord he is God,' He who is styled the *LORD* alone and none else. In IHVH is the collective unity of those powers expressed by Elohim. In precisely the same manner must the phrase IHVH Sabaoth be taken as meaning 'The Lord he is Sabaoth'; it is He who represents that collective unity of powers contained in the designation of Sabaoth. The people understood, no doubt, what it was that was meant by the plural 'Sabaoth,' just as well as they understood what was meant by the corresponding

plural 'Elohim.' This new name was made known to the people by the emphatic and often repeated declaration of the prophets who laid stress on it that the Lord Sabaoth is His name. So especially Isaiah and Jeremiah (Is 47⁴ 48² 51¹⁵ 54⁵, Jer 10¹⁶ 31⁸⁵ 32¹⁸ 50³⁴ 51¹⁹). It is idle to speculate whether that meaning was a vague one or a definite one. It suffices to have shown that the word remained untranslated, that it was undeclined, and was treated as a proper name. It was certainly not meant to be taken 'as *hosts* in a concrete form either of Israelites or heavenly bodies which never occur in the Bible in this form.'

However poetical and suggestive the translation

'Lord of Hosts' may be—which would, moreover, limit the attributes of God and would make Him the Supreme War-Lord—that translation does not seem to correspond with the true meaning of the phrase IHVH Sabaoth. Whatever the original meaning may have been, it was lost when applied to God, when it became a stereotyped name, and just as little as one would think of translating IHVH Elohim the Lord of Gods, so little, do I submit, can we translate IHVH Sabaoth, The Lord of Hosts. It must be either The Lord (The) Host(s) if it is to be translated at all, or the Lord who is Sabaoth, or rather, following the unbroken tradition of the ages and the old versions—The Lord Sabaoth.

The Anointing of Jesus.

BY EDWARD GRUBB, M.A., CROYDON.

EACH of the four Gospels contains a story of the anointing of Jesus by a woman (Mt 26⁶⁻¹³, Mk 14³⁻⁹, Lk 7³⁶⁻⁵⁰, Jn 12¹⁻⁸). The details have undergone considerable confusion, not only in the hands of commentators, but apparently in the actual narratives as we have them; and it may be worth while to try to disentangle them.

There appear to me to be two original narratives, referring to quite different events. The earlier is that of Lk 7³⁶⁻⁵⁰, where a woman who is a sinner comes into the house of Simon, a Pharisee, while Jesus is reclining at a meal; and, bending over His feet, behind the couch, bedews them with her tears, wipes them with her hair, kisses them passionately, and anoints them with ointment from an 'alabastron' or phial. The latter is that of Mk 14³⁻⁹, in which, in the house of Simon the leper at Bethany (two days before the final Passover, if v.¹ belongs to the story), an unnamed woman brings an 'alabastron' of ointment of 'pistic nard,' very costly, and, breaking the flask, pours it over the head of Jesus as He reclines at a meal. Some of the disciples are indignant at the waste of the precious ointment, but Jesus vehemently defends the woman's action.

The story in Matthew (26⁶⁻¹³) is an almost exact reproduction of that in Mark, with slight compression and a few verbal additions.

In John the narrative is similar to that of Mark, but more names are given. The house in Bethany is the residence of Martha and Mary and Lazarus, and the woman is Mary. Only Judas Iscariot is stated to have objected to the waste of the ointment. The date is fixed at *six* days before the Passover instead of two, and Mary is said to have anointed the *feet* of Jesus, and to have wiped them with her hair. Nothing is said about a flask, but Mary is represented as using 'a pound' of the ointment. Here only are we told that 'the house was filled with the odour.'

There are, I think, indications that the names supplied by the Fourth Evangelist are trustworthy, though he does not enable us to identify the host, whom Mark calls Simon the leper. The actions of the two sisters are quite consistent with the indications of their characters contained in the brief passage Lk 10³⁸⁻⁴²: 'Martha served,' while Mary the dreamer forgot everything but Jesus. But why she should anoint His *feet*, or wipe them with her hair, is hard to understand. Mark's statement, on the other hand, that she poured the ointment over His *head*, as a solemn act of devotion, is quite intelligible. I believe that the Fourth Evangelist has himself confused the two narratives, and has drawn the anointing of the

feet, and the wiping with the hair, from that which appears in Lk 7.

But, turning back to this story in Luke, it also, as it stands, is hardly convincing. The anointing seems quite needless. Jesus tells the Pharisee that he had given Him no water for His feet: if so, it would have been rather a sorry business to anoint dust-stained feet that had only been bedewed with tears and wiped with hair. Has not the anointing here come from Mark's story? and possibly also the name Simon?—though I would not lay any stress on this, since the name appears to have been a common one.

I suggest, then, that to disentangle the narratives we should strike out from Luke's story all mention of the anointing (including, of course, the words ascribed to Jesus in v.⁴⁶); and that in John's story we should, with Mark, substitute 'head' for 'feet,' and eliminate the wiping with the hair. The two stories will then be separately consistent and intelligible. The only objection to this theory that I am aware of is that the precious ointment was an article that a respectable woman would not be likely to possess; but I cannot find evidence that this objection holds. Writing on Luke's narrative, Edersheim says:

'We know that perfumes were much sought after, and very largely in use. Some, such as true balsam, were worth double their weight in silver; others, like the spikenard (whether as juice or unguent, along with other ingredients), though not equally costly, were also "precious." We have evidence that perfumed oils—notably oil of roses, and of the iris plant, but chiefly the mixture known in antiquity as *foliatum*—were largely manufactured and used in Palestine. A flask with this perfume was worn by women round the neck, and hung down below the breast. So common was its use as to be allowed even on the Sabbath. This "flask," not always of glass, but of silver or gold, probably often also of alabaster, was used both to sweeten the breath and perfume the person. Hence it seems not unlikely that the *alabastron* which she brought was none other than the "flask of foliatum" so common among Jewish women.'¹

There seems nothing here to exclude the idea that the flask of ointment would be just as likely to be in the possession of Mary of Bethany, who

¹ *Life and Times of Jesus the Messiah*, vol. i. pp. 565, 566.

evidently belonged to a well-to-do family, as in that of a 'woman who was a sinner.' The theory I have indicated makes quite needless the rather revolting suggestion² that Mary of Bethany had herself been a 'sinner' in the technical sense; and it may be added that the common idea that the woman of Luke's narrative was Mary of Magdala is entirely without evidence to support it.

Finally, a few words may be allowed as to the spiritual significance of each of the narratives. That in Luke illustrates powerfully the unconscious influence of the personality of Jesus on the sinful people round about Him. He did not repel them, like one addressed by William Watson:

But thou, thou passedst on,
In whiteness clothed of dedicated days,
Cold like a star; and me in alien ways

Thou leftest, following life's chance lure, where shone
The wandering gleam that beckons and betrays.

He drew to Him the publicans and sinners, and made them feel that God loved them. The light of His pure love shone into their dark hearts, quickening them to repentance and faith, arousing a loathing of their sin and a longing for forgiveness. The woman's tears, dropping on the feet of love, and her passionate kisses, outraged the proprieties of the Pharisee's house; but they expressed, as no words could do, the love of one who bitterly repented and had begun to learn the inward joy of forgiveness. She loved much because much was forgiven her, and received new life from the words, 'Thy faith hath saved thee; go in peace.'

The other story is of one who had drawn closer to Jesus in spiritual sympathy and understanding than any other of His friends, and who seems to have been the only one that was able in some measure to share His feelings as He trod the pathway to the Cross. On two occasions, when Mary's devotion to Him is criticised by others as sentimental and extravagant, He stands up for her (Lk 10⁴², Mk 14⁶⁻⁹), in a way that might seem overdone had He not won from her the sympathetic insight into the soreness of His trouble that was denied Him by all the rest. 'She hath anointed my body aforehand for the burying': the words seem to imply not only that *Jesus* could see this significance in the outpouring of the precious ointment, but that Mary herself had in some dim way intended it to be so understood. She could not express her-

² Made, I believe, by David Smith in *The Days of His Flesh*, but I cannot verify the reference.

self in words, but she took this dumb means of showing that 'one heart at least would not faint or fail in devotion to the very end.'¹ She had understood her Master sufficiently to be able to

¹ Garvie, *Studies in the Inner Life of Jesus*, p. 297.

face without flinching even the death He saw before Him. And so, 'Wherever the gospel shall be preached throughout the whole world, that also which this woman hath done shall be spoken of for a memorial of her.'

In the Study.

Literature on Judas Iscariot.

SOME notes will be found on another page dealing with the recent interpretation of the character and career of Judas Iscariot. It may be useful to supplement them here with a few particulars about the literature.

i. Whately and De Quincey.

Modern interpretation begins in this country with the sermon of Archbishop Whately and the essay of De Quincey. Both these writers were no doubt indebted to German speculation, as De Quincey confesses for his part. Whately's sermon seems to be earlier than De Quincey's essay. It was published in 1839, along with two other 'discourses,' as an addendum to a volume entitled *Essays on Some of the Dangers to Christian Faith which may arise from the Teaching or the Conduct of its Professors*. A third edition, revised, came out in 1857. De Quincey's essay is to be found in the eighth volume of Masson's (the best) edition of his works. Masson's footnote is: 'Published by De Quincey in 1857 in the seventh volume of his *Collective Writings*: where printed before, if anywhere, I have not been able to ascertain; neither has the American editor. The speculation which forms the substance of the essay had been previously broached not only by German theologians, as De Quincey informs his readers, but also, I believe, by Archbishop Whately, in one or other of his many writings.'

Whately's argument can be given in a few of his own words: 'Judas believed Jesus to be the promised Messiah, who was about to establish a splendid and powerful kingdom (an expectation which it is plain was entertained by *all* the Apostles); he must have expected that his Master, on being arrested and brought before the Jewish rulers, would be driven to assert his claim, by delivering himself miraculously from the power of

his enemies; and would at once accept the temporal kingdom which the people were already eager (and would then have been doubly eager) to offer him.'

'Partaking then in these notions, it was natural for an ambitious and worldly man like Judas Iscariot, to expect that by putting his Master into the hands of his enemies, he should force him to make such a display of power as would at once lead to his being triumphantly seated on the throne of David, as a great and powerful prince. And he probably expected that he should himself be both pardoned and nobly rewarded, for having thus been the means, though in an unauthorized way, of raising his Master to that earthly splendour and dominion, which, to worldly men, is the greatest object of desire.'

De Quincey differs but slightly. He realizes, however, that this view is a thorough reversal of previous judgment, and opens his essay with the challenge: 'Everything connected with our ordinary conceptions of this man, of his real purposes, and of his scriptural doom, apparently is erroneous. Not one thing, but all things, must rank as false which traditionally we accept about him.' We can give the gist of his argument also in a few sentences of his own. 'Believing, as Judas did, and perhaps had reason to do, that Christ contemplated the establishment of a temporal kingdom—the restoration, in fact, of David's throne; believing also that all the conditions towards the realization of such a scheme met and centred in the person of Christ: what was it that, upon any solution intelligible to Judas, neutralized so grand a scheme of promise? Simply and obviously, to a man with the views of Judas, it was the character of Christ himself, sublimely over-gifted for purposes of speculation, but, like Shakspeare's great creation of Prince Hamlet, not correspondingly endowed for the business of action and the clamorous emergencies of life. Indecision and doubt (such was the interpretation

of Judas) crept over the faculties of the Divine Man as often as he was summoned away from his own natural Sabbath of heavenly contemplation to the gross necessities of action. It became important, therefore, according to the views adopted by Judas, that his master should be *precipitated* into action by a force from without, and thrown into the centre of some popular movement, such as, once beginning to revolve, could not afterwards be suspended or checked. Christ must be *compromised* before doubts could have time to form.'

ii. Lives of Christ.

These speculations have had an extraordinary influence. Of the published sermons on the Traitor there are few indeed that are not affected by them. The influence, however, is not so visible in the Lives of Christ. Andrews' *Life of our Lord upon the Earth* (unapproachable as a student's guide to the events of the life of Christ), of which the revised edition was published in 1892, rejects altogether this explanation of Judas' treachery. It is not sufficient to account for it. If this was all that Judas wanted to do he could have accomplished it without taking the attitude of a traitor.

Bruce is very modern, but in his *Training of the Twelve* (1871) he takes a low view of the character of Judas. He was covetous and he was vindictive. He hated his fellow-disciples because they were Galilæans. He hated Jesus because He saw through him. At last he recognized that a catastrophe was at hand, and precipitated it to save his own skin. But Bruce is not content with his own explanation. The horror of the crime is too great for any explanation that can be offered. It is 'an incomprehensible mystery of iniquity.'

Dr. W. J. Dawson wrote a life of Christ (which he probably would not write now) and published it, in 1901, under the title of *The Man Christ Jesus*. He shows little of the influence of De Quincey or any one else. The relations of Judas with the rest of the disciples (until he revealed himself as the traitor) were quite cordial. He was no thief. He may have had 'a tendency to avarice,' which John afterwards exaggerated into a deliberate charge of theft. He had once wished that Jesus would head the national party. But Jesus had betrayed him. Betrayal deserved betrayal. The idea may recall De Quincey, but it is Dr. Dawson's own.

Edersheim is untouched by sentimental weakness for Judas and his fate. He is faithful to the

written word. Judas had great natural capacity. It was his gift of administration that gave him the purse. But his gift became his temptation, as it so often does. Yet Edersheim is more impressed with the ambition than with the avarice of Judas. He joined Jesus to share the triumphs of the Jewish Messiah, with whom he identified Jesus from the beginning. But his ambition rested solely on selfishness, and when he saw that it was not to be realized he gave himself into the hands of the Jewish priests, who used him as their tool and then dismissed him.

It was Fairbairn, in his early book, *Studies in the Life of Christ* (1881), who gave popularity to the new conception of Judas as a disappointed patriot. Fairbairn was just sufficiently 'advanced' to be acceptable to young preachers. 'The remorse of Judas disproves his greed: the man who could feel it had too much latent nobility of soul to be an abject slave of avarice.' The fact that he was the bearer of the bag proves that he was no lover of money. Jesus would never have led him into such a temptation. Fairbairn will have none of De Quincey's notion that Judas was a guiltless enthusiast. When Jesus called him he was a possible Peter, but he was the only Judæan of the band (we shall be told that often again); while transforming love drew the rest one way, solitariness and selfishness sent him the other. Disappointed in Jesus, who would not set up the Messianic kingdom, he found revenge for his disappointment in betrayal.

After Fairbairn wrote the ordinary churchgoer began to hear that there was a possible Judas in his own pew.

Farrar is almost negligible. Both in the *Life of Christ* and in the much less familiar *Life of Jesus* (1900), he follows closely the interpretation of the motives of Judas which the Gospels give. He thinks he was the son of Simon Zelotes, and inherited the disposition as well as the earthly hopes of the sect of the Zealots. But vulgar greed overthrew him. Farrar is really eloquent on one topic, the gradual hold that sin obtains on the sinner; and he is really heterodox on another, the hope that even Judas 'now sits at the feet of the Lord whom he betrayed on earth, clothed and in his right mind.'

Oscar Holtzmann's *Life of Jesus*, published in 1901, was translated into English and issued in this country in 1904. Holtzmann holds that we have

no materials out of which to construct the mind of Judas and we must take to guessing. 'That he was simply an avaricious man and betrayed Jesus for the mere sake of obtaining money for the deed is manifestly erroneous.' Such an idea is incredible, for he had left all and followed Jesus, and he had shared the wanderings and the roofless couch. He perceived that Jesus was gradually separating Himself from the rulers. His death was inevitable. Were they all to be involved in His ruin? The only way that Judas could discover of saving himself and his fellow-disciples was to hand Jesus over to the authorities, and he handed Him over. It was a case of what we call turning King's evidence—with the usual results.

iii. Sermons.

Let us take the Sermons in alphabetical order also, and begin with Canon Ainger.

Canon Ainger has a sermon on Judas in his posthumous volume, *The Gospel and Human Life* (1904). He first asks why Judas joined the apostolic band. He can only guess. But he is sure that Bunyan is wrong. 'Bunyan, you may remember, assumes boldly that he joined the party of Christ at first from interested motives. Speaking of those who (as he says) make "of religion a stalking horse, to get and enjoy the world," he goes on, "Judas the devil was also of this religion: he was religious for the bag, that he might be possessed of what was therein." And again, "so surely as Judas designed the world in becoming religious, so surely did he also sell religion and his Master for the same." But whatever the likelihood may be, there is no jot of evidence to show that Judas "designed the world"—that is to say, had worldly aims in view when he became religious.' We know him, up to the last great apostasy, 'only as an office-bearer.' He 'had a turn for figures.' His methodical habits made the others leave their simple finances in his hands. But a turn for figures sometimes goes with a mercenary temper, and Judas was a thief. Did thirty pieces tempt him then? Not alone. 'He suffered from loneliness, the loneliness of selfishness, the loneliness of

He became discontented. Discontent was the ever-present reason, the bribe was the opportunity of the moment. And when the deed was done, what he awoke to was his isolation and the selfishness of it.

Bishop Boyd Carpenter in *The Son of Man among the Sons of Men* (1893) gives a résumé of Whately (whom he spells Whateley—fie! fie! and a bishop!), De Quincey, and Fairbairn, and then 'ventures to propound another theory.' This is the theory. Judas joined the company of Christ's followers from self-interest. Christ was a rising star. Conscious of his own ability to do well if he had the opportunity, Judas cast in his lot with Him, and was fortunate in being chosen as one of the Twelve, and exalted to the responsible post of treasurer. But Jesus did not retain His popularity. Had Judas made a mistake? It would be prudent in any case to be on good terms with the other side. Then, whatever happens, he is safe. He had no intention of abandoning Jesus even at the last. Even when he gave his Master the kiss he kept himself disconnected from the priestly party. For even then he was not sure that Jesus might not gain the upper hand. But with the kiss came the discovery. 'Betrayest thou the Son of Man with a kiss?' He returns to the city. He visits the priests in order to see that he is right with them, and perhaps to claim a greater reward. They treat him as the paid spy he is. He throws their money in their face and goes and hangs himself.

Dr. J. D. Jones includes Judas Iscariot in *The Glorious Company of the Apostles* (1904). His tragic end was due to a divided heart. His heart was divided between Christ and Mammon. 'I am going to take my stand on the plain word of Scripture, and maintain that what prompted him to this crime was *greed*.' And then follow some well-addressed lessons on sins against privilege, sins against warning, and sins that are often repeated.

Dr. John Ker, whose sermon on 'Judas and the Priests' is contained in the first volume of his published discourses, takes all the whitewashing off the figure of Judas and finds his sin to be simple selfishness. That led him into separation from human companionship and drove him to try to make friends with the chief priests. Rejected at last by them he found that his sin had separated his soul from God, and that there was nothing for

A still salt pool, locked in with bars of sand,
Left on the shore; that hears all night
The plunging seas draw backward from the
land
Their moon-led waters white—'

him but a certain fearful looking-for of judgment and consuming fire. Then Dr. Ker tells us what he thinks of the chief priests.

Liddon—the sermon on ‘The Traitor-Apostle’ is in *Passiontide Sermons*—Liddon is old-fashioned enough to be troubled with the thought that Judas may have been chosen simply and solely to fulfil Scripture. He disposes of that, by saying that the Bible is both Calvinistic and Arminian, and ‘we must hold fast to each separately, in spite of the apparent contradiction.’ Then he takes the career of Judas as illustrating ‘the power of a single passion to enwrap, enchain, possess, degrade a man’s whole character.’ Judas had one vice or passion—the love of money.

In Lightfoot’s *Sermons preached in St. Paul’s Cathedral* there is a sermon on ‘The Fate of Judas.’ He also touches the theological difficulty. But he solves it on the earth. Judas ‘was selected for the Apostleship, as we are called into Church membership. But, like us, he was allowed the exercise of his human free-will; he was not compelled by an irresistible fate to act unworthily of his calling; he was free to make his election between good and evil; he rejected the good, and he chose the evil.’ Lightfoot finds the moral difficulty more troublesome. The difficulty is how Judas with all his privileges could do it. He had allowed one vile passion to grow unchecked in his heart. Like the evangelist, Lightfoot ‘knows nothing of delicate modern phrases,’ and calls the passion thieving. It is a long story, and perhaps it was a long struggle. Then the opportunity came and he fell.

One of the followers of the Fairbairn tradition is Dr. J. H. Moulton, but he has too keen a mind to follow it whole-heartedly. His sermon on Judas was published as long ago as 1898, in *Visions of Sin*. It is a sermon that awakens thought at every step. But the essentials are these. ‘Judas started with the same earthly and political conception of the Kingdom of Heaven as did the other apostles. It was not long before he began to suspect that this kingdom was very much in the clouds. Jesus won the others body and soul, and made it impossible for them to conceive Him as anything less than a King. But the heart of Judas became more and more fixed on the earthly glories of his ambition, and he now knew himself deceived. The revelation soured the milk of human kindness within him, and he began to be fitted for the devil’s

hand.’ ‘The most awful lesson of the subsequent history is the manifestation of the infinite power of one single evil inclination. A once noble enthusiast has yielded to a worldly ambition, and we see that one evil, originally only the excess of an innocent and even admirable desire, spread like a cancer over the soul till every trace of nobleness and enthusiasm has gone.’ ‘Judas submitted with no shame to the washing of his feet by “the Master and the Lord,” partook of the sacred bread which ever after would be taken by Christ’s saints in remembrance of Him, received from the Master of the feast the portion of special honour, by which He strove, even at the last, to win him back, and then went out into the night and did his deed. If conscience still spoke to the miserable man, he no doubt stifled the accusing voice with the assertion that He whose power he knew so well would surely be able to save Himself. When that last excuse was shattered by the unresisted condemnation, all hell was let loose on the wretch as he knew what he had done. To the contemptuous cruel priests, to the holy place, so soon to be deserted for ever by the Presence that made it holy, to the field of blood he fled, and the ghastly corpse lay stark and still. He went to his own place, and his epitaph, spoken by One who alone has knowledge to pronounce on wasted lives, was, “Good were it for that man if he had not been born.”’

Dr. George Salmon is ‘not going to follow the example of some ingenious men who delight in reversing popular judgments; in picking holes in the characters of men whose lives have been the subject of popular admiration; and in showing that others who have been branded as villains have been unjustly condemned, and that even if they had actually committed the deeds laid to their charge, they had some virtuous or honourable motive.’ Yet he begins his sermon on ‘The Colour-Blindness of Judas’ (*Cathedral and University Sermons*) by saying, ‘I am persuaded that if Judas tried himself by his own standards he would not have thought himself a bad man. He had made a mistake in committing himself to a hopeless cause. That is no uncommon experience; and if Judas had been only a deserter and not a traitor, he might be defended by the example of many eminent men who, notwithstanding having changed sides in the course of their career, have died respected.’ His fault lay in becoming a traitor. How did he become a traitor? He had

friends outside the circle of the disciples who told him that the Jewish government had fully determined on his Master's death. But they wished it done quietly for the sake of the disciples. If Judas would give them the opportunity, he would save not only himself but his companions also. And they kept their word. Jesus was arrested; His followers were allowed to go. No doubt Judas took money for the betrayal, but in that day it was no disgrace for a man, no disgrace for any man, to take a bribe.

There are other sermons, and some of them are good. A fuller list will be found in the forthcoming volume on *The Greater Men and Women of the Bible*. But these are the most representative. In closing this short survey, let us say that the best dictionary or encyclopædia article is the article by Professor J. G. Tasker in *The Dictionary of Christ and the Gospels*.

Virginibus Puerisque.

I.

Colour in July.

‘He hath made everything beautiful.’—Ec 3¹¹.

One wet Saturday I went into a cottage in a country town, and there I found two little girls who were very happy. They had a paint-box; furthermore, they had got permission to colour the prints in some old numbers of a children's magazine. What gorgeous pictures they were making! Bright blue skies, and fields gay beyond any I had ever seen. Then there were little girls who played in the fields; they had golden hair, and were dressed in colours that made one think of the rainbow. On that rainy day the hearts of those two children were happy, they were in a world of sunshine, for they had a paint-box, and were allowed to use it.

All boys and girls love colours to a certain extent. Even a baby will be attracted by an orange, not because she knows how it tastes, but there is something about its colour that makes her want to grasp it. I have spoken of the baby as ‘she,’ just because girls seem to show a greater preference for things of a bright colour than boys do. But even a boy, and one who loves sport, will occasionally feel something he has never felt before, when on a sunny July afternoon he notices the bright red streak made by a great many poppies growing together in a cornfield. If his sister be with him, he may not

say much; perhaps he will only venture something like, ‘Just look at that bright red line, Annie—poppies, I believe.’ And you all know how a commonplace country road is beautified, if the grassy banks at each side of it are covered with wild roses. I have been with boys and girls when they carried home great bunches of them. We did not realize that much of the charm of the wild rose consists in its growing outside, and being one of many.

Then, I wonder if any of you boys or girls ever went out into the country for milk early in the morning. I remember one road that led to a dairy farm very well. A burn ran alongside of it, and its banks were covered with ‘Queen of the Meadow.’ I do not believe that the ‘Queen of the Meadow’ would by itself have attracted the little milk carriers, but in July ‘Ragged Robin’ grew beside it. As you know, it has a sort of pink shade, and there were ‘ox-eyed daisies’ in a field quite near. The girls used to go home, their sun-bonnets decorated with gay flowers, and even an occasional boy might be seen with a ‘button-hole.’ I used to wish with all my heart that I was one of the company.

Gardens are very beautiful in July; in them, however, you often get colour arranged after a particular plan. It is not so in the open country. Flowers, quite little in themselves, seem to grow in patches; they startle and delight us with an unexpected line of colour, like the poppies of which I spoke. After the same manner, we have the daffodils of spring. You must have all seen a field of them. The poet Wordsworth wrote a beautiful little poem about daffodils; you are sure to learn it at school one day.

Then the trees. Near where I live is a fine avenue. Trees are said to be green, and nothing but green, yet I never tire of looking from one end to the other of this straight familiar road. The trees that line it on each side are of many shades; one appears almost grey, another bright green, while a hoary example shows itself so dark that I sometimes think its place should be the forest. There are just a few copper beeches, and they give a delightful variety. If I were a poet I should write a sonnet about that avenue.

My boys and girls, colour is part of the scheme of God's earth, and He means us to love it. Travellers tell us that round about Nazareth there are a great many flowers. We know that there

were flowers when Jesus was a boy, and although the town itself must be very different to-day from what it was when He lived, the gaily-coloured flowers that grow on the hill just above Nazareth must, we believe, be almost the same as those on which Christ gazed. He loved them, and doubtless learnt many things from them about His Father. Looking abroad on the fields one day as He preached, He said: 'Consider the lilies of the field. . . . Yet I say unto you that even Solomon in all his glory was not arrayed like one of these.'

The flowers are set in a very large place. By and by, I hope you boys and girls will lift your eyes and look round about. You can do it now. I remember a little London boy being afraid when he first saw the dark gloomy mountains of the Highlands. He loved to play in the green fields, and to pluck the flowers, but he could not understand how the mountains could be called beautiful. The sun in the heavens, that makes the colours of the flowers for us, throws also the deep shadows upon the mountains. In the heat of day they often look dark, and gloomy, and fearsome, don't they? But I shall never forget a sunset I witnessed as I crossed the Minch one July evening. The mountains of the Hebrides, which had looked black and threatening all the afternoon, seemed to melt in a golden light. The crossing was not like being on the sea, it seemed as if I were sailing towards the Celestial City.

My young friends, your fathers and mothers, and even some of you, have been afraid of the shadows that have faced us all during the past months. But I believe the day is coming when we big people will be able to understand the truth of what many of you boys and girls learn at school, namely, that no colour is so beautiful as the colour that has depth. The sorrows, and the anxieties, and the joys of life, all go to the making of its depth. God has a great scheme of colour for this world. One day we shall thank our Father in heaven for it.

II.

For King and Country.

'Surely this great nation is a wise and understanding people.'—Dt 4⁶.

When we read this Book of Deuteronomy, what strikes us most is the number of times that Moses urges the Israelites to keep the statutes of the Lord. Again and again he tells them that, if they

love God and keep His commandments, it will be well with them; again and again he warns them that if they forsake God, and worship false gods, it will go ill with them. In this very chapter he foretells what will happen when the children of Israel become idolaters—God will scatter them among the peoples.

We know how true Moses' prophecy was. So long as Israel remembered the God who had delivered them out of Egypt, so long did they prosper. When they turned aside to do evil, God did indeed forgive and restore them many times; but, at last, when the people had almost entirely given themselves over to idolatry, He allowed the Assyrians to carry them away captive—first the ten tribes, and then the two remaining ones. Of the ten no more was heard. They disappeared as a nation, and mingled with the other races of the earth. But the two tribes of Judah and Benjamin returned, purified by their time of trial, and rebuilt Jerusalem and the Temple.

Yet Israel, in the days when she first dwelt in the land of Canaan, had in her the making of a great nation. She was the smallest of all nations; nevertheless, she made a name for herself. The Israelites drove out before them more powerful peoples. They were the admiration and the dread of rival tribes in those days when they trusted God and kept His statutes; for this was their wisdom and their understanding.

As it was said to Israel of old, so it might be said to Britain to-day. God has called Britain to a very high place among the nations. She stands for honour, and truth, and justice, but only in so far as she keeps God's statutes, and adheres firmly to her best ideals, will she continue to keep the high place to which she has attained.

At present we are in the midst of a life and death struggle for our very existence. The issue is certain, because we are fighting for honour and for right. What we do not know is what kind of people we are going to be after the war. This has been a tremendous upheaval, nothing will ever be the same again; and in the hands of the boys and girls lies the remaking of Britain.

At an American election the temperance party were defeated. On the day of the poll many people wore badges of little bits of coloured ribbon, showing with which side they sympathized. The following day, a message-boy who was on the temperance side still went about wearing his bit of ribbon,

which, of course, was blue. A servant girl at one house chaffed him about wearing the colours of a defeated party, but the boy replied proudly, 'Just wait a bit: it was the turn of the men yesterday, but it will be the turn of us boys soon.'

Many a boy at present regrets that he is too young to draw a sword for his country, but wait a bit: it will be the turn of you boys soon, and yours will be a glorious task, the task of rebuilding Britain.

The future of the nation depends on the boys and girls. Men are shedding their blood freely for her honour and safety. Are you going to make their sacrifice of none avail? You are standing at the beginning of the way. Life lies before you. It is yours to make or mar, and in making or mar-
ring your own life, you are helping to make or mar the life of the nation. Don't think you are too young or insignificant to matter. You *do* matter.

When Mr. Lloyd George was speaking lately in Wales, he told his hearers an ancient Welsh legend. It was the story of a man who was given a series of what appeared to be impossible tasks to perform ere he could reach the desires of his heart. Amongst other things, he had to recover every single grain of seed that had been sown in a large field, and bring it all in by sunset. The man made friends with a colony of ants, and enlisted their sympathies. They spread over the field, and, before sunset, the seed was all gathered in, except one grain. Then just as the sun was sinking behind the western hills, a lame ant came hobbling along bearing the last grain.

We can all do our little bit to help our country at this time, and at all times. If any of you fails to play your part, your country will be by so much the poorer. Even the lame ant cannot be spared.

Yours is a great heritage. You have been born a Briton, you have been born into a land that has always stood for truth, and honour, and freedom, and righteousness. Is Britain going to maintain its name? That depends on you.

Yours is a great privilege—the privilege of living in a great age. Walk worthy of your privilege. God is calling you to a glorious future. You will have opportunities that people in past ages have never had. Make the most of your opportunities.

What I wish you to remember most of all is, that we hold our greatness as a trust from God, and if we are not worthy of His trust, He will take away our power as He did that of Israel thousands of years ago. Perhaps Britain has been inclined

to forget this in past years. She has had a time of great prosperity, and she has been tempted to say, 'My power and the might of mine hand hath gotten me this wealth.'

If, drunk with sight of power, we loose
Wild tongues that have not Thee in awe,
Such boasting as the Gentiles use,
Or lesser breeds without the Law—
Lord God of Hosts, be with us yet,
Lest we forget—lest we forget!

Britain has learned to remember in the fires of affliction, and the trust will be handed on to you. How are you going to keep it?

The most patriotic thing a boy or girl can do is to serve God, and keep His commandments. Only thus can you come to the full height of your manhood and womanhood; only thus can you hope to make your nation truly great. And what are God's commandments? The first is, 'Thou shalt love the Lord thy God with all thy heart, and with all thy soul, and with all thy mind, and with all thy strength.' And the second is this, 'Thou shalt love thy neighbour as thyself.' There is none other commandment greater than these.

Boys and girls of Britain, your country is calling you to-day, your country needs you. Make up your minds to be absolutely straight and true. Make up your mind to live for others, to think of their sorrows and needs. Make up your mind to serve God, and in serving Him to serve your country. Prove worthy of your great trust, and then indeed shall a nobler Britain arise from the ruins of the old, and men shall say of us, 'Surely this great nation is a wise and understanding people. Blessed is the nation whose God is the Lord.'

Land of our birth, we pledge to thee
Our love and toil in years to be;
When we are grown and take our place
As men and women with our race.

Father in heav'n, who lovest all,
Oh, help Thy children when they call;
That they may build, from age to age,
An undefiled heritage.

Teach us to bear the yoke in youth,
With steadfastness and careful truth;
That, in our time, Thy grace may give
The truth whereby the nations live.

Teach us to rule ourselves always,
Controlled and cleanly night and day,
That we may bring, if need arise,
No maimed or worthless sacrifice.

Teach us to look, in all our ends,
On Thee for judge, and not our friends :
That we, with Thee, may walk uncowed
By fear or favour of the crowd.

Teach us the strength that cannot seek,
By deed or thought, to hurt the weak ;
That, under Thee, we may possess
Man's strength to comfort man's distress.

Teach us delight in simple things,
And mirth that hath no bitter springs ;
Forgiveness free of evil done,
And love to all men 'neath the sun !

Land of our birth, our faith, our pride,
For whose dear sake our fathers died ;
O motherland, we pledge to thee,
Head, heart, and hand through the years to be.¹

III.

The Rev. A. Stanley Parker has published a small volume of 'parable and story addresses to the young.' Its title is *Winning the Children* (Allenson ; rs. 6d. net). One of the parables is called

A Beautiful Work.

Many of the young people who are listening to me this morning will remember that when the woman broke the alabaster box of ointment and anointed the head of Christ somebody grumbled and said that it was a waste. No doubt Judas was the leader of those who saw no glory in the woman's deed.

But Jesus said, 'Let her alone ; why trouble ye her? She has wrought a good work on Me.' Now the word translated 'good' in our version is, in the original, 'beautiful,' and so what Christ actually said was : 'She has wrought a *beautiful* work.'

Christ had a wonderful eye for beauty, whether in nature or in characters of men and women, and this fact comes out again and again in His teaching.

To-day I want to tell you the story of another beautiful deed. On the Continent there is a magnificent Cathedral, it is really gorgeous, and amongst its treasures are many fine specimens of statuary. The most celebrated piece is up near the roof in one of the darkest places in the building. It can only be seen once in the day just as the light of the sun shines through a certain window and reaches it. Many visitors assemble every day of the week at the appointed time to see, that exquisite piece of workmanship, which at other

times is lost in deep shadows. Day by day people wait for the shaft of light to creep along the wall until it reaches the sculpture, and then every eye is fixed upon it, and every observer is filled with wonder and admiration. It is a beautiful work, and there is a wonderful story attached to it.

The Rev. David Davies tells it as follows : When the Cathedral was built the authorities sent for the best sculptors, and among others, a feeble old man, leaning on his staff, came offering himself as a sculptor. They looked upon him with astonishment, and yet with admiration ; for his look was so earnest and his countenance so refined. He begged that he might be permitted to take part in the work which had to be done. At length he was accepted ; but the authorities took care to place him somewhere where his work would not be seen. Thus he had to ascend a scaffold high up near the roof, and in one of the gloomiest spots in the whole building. He went up quietly, patiently, and laboriously, until at last he reached that little scaffold. He lit his lamp early in the afternoon, for there was not enough light to enable him to work, and in the light of that little lamp he continued to chisel the rude block of marble that projected out of the wall. Every workman was busy at his work, and the old man at his. The others retired for their meals : he did not retire for his : he worked persistently on, and even when the others left at night he still remained. I am not sure whether he did this regularly, but this I know : that one evening—if not the first and only evening—he remained hard at work chiselling the marble when the others had left. On the following morning when the other workmen returned they saw the light of the lamp up on that lofty scaffold ; but they could hear no noise of hammer or clink of chisel. Their curiosity was aroused, and at length some one was prompted to go up and look for the worker.

When he reached the scaffold, the sun shone brightly upon a sweet female countenance that had been grandly chiselled out of the marble block, and as he looked down upon the scaffold itself the same shaft of light poured its rays upon the pale face of the sculptor who lay dead upon the scaffold, surrounded by the hammers, chisels, and marble chips that spoke eloquently of the work he had done. Others were summoned to the spot : they looked at the face graven in the marble and were charmed by its beauty ; and as they glanced at the

¹ Rudyard Kipling, *The Children's Song*.

face of the restful figure that lay prostrate upon the scaffold, they saw in it a kindred charm.

They inquired concerning the aged sculptor, and found from those who knew him that many years before, even early in life, he had lost his youthful wife and companion; and that ever since he had been a lonely man in the world, and had carried the memory of her with him wherever he went. And those who were old enough to remember that youthful wife said that the face in the marble was hers. Thus the pent-up feeling of many years in the old man's heart at length found expression in

that last work. He had chiselled her beautiful face in that marble, and when he had finished and looked at it once more, as he had not done since she left him, he laid down his head to die: he had done his work. Surely we shall say: 'It was a beautiful work.'

I like this old man because he was willing to work at his best in an unseen place, and I am glad that, at the last, what he did was appreciated. It is beautiful also to think that he toiled on to the end, and that the motive behind his labour was love.

The Task of To-day.

BY THE REV. ROBERT OSWALD, B.D., LARGS.

I.

'REDEEMING the time, because the days are evil.' These words of St. Paul have long fascinated me. Often I desired to preach upon them; but whenever I attempted it they eluded me. What fascinated me was their picturesque metaphor of redeeming or buying back the time. I felt that for St. Paul the metaphor had a definite meaning, and counselled some definite attitude to evil circumstance; but when I tried to come to grips with it it always slipped from my grasp. More than once I turned to all the Critical Commentaries in my possession, books with the names of great scholars on their backs, but always to be disappointed. One and all of them agreed in saying that, though it was the almost invariable meaning of the Greek word, the picturesque rendering of 'redeeming' or 'buying back' must be given up, as yielding no clear meaning, and some colourless rendering substituted, such as 'making the best of opportunities,' or, to keep something of the commercial flavour, 'making the most of the market,' and that the more when, the days being evil, the opportunities of good were few, or the market bad. But are the opportunities of good fewer in evil days? What of Calvary?

I was not satisfied. I felt that this treatment was unjust to St. Paul. Great writers and thinkers, and he surely was both, do not use words loosely nor choose a colourful word to express a colourless thing. Their greatness consists largely in the

aptness wherewith, as writers, they fit words to thoughts, and, as thinkers, thoughts to things. Why, if St. Paul meant that in evil days opportunities were few, did he not just say so? Why did he bring in the idea of buying back at all if he did not mean that action of ours might so change the effect of circumstances that from doing hurt they did good? I felt that the key to the right interpretation lay in the evil and the possibility of transforming it into good; but how it was to be done I could not discover. So I remained dissatisfied, convinced that the commentators' suggestion was banal, but with nothing definite to put in its place.

And then the other night I was musing on the manifold ills of these evil days. The measure of their evil was not the vast waste of wealth, though that was grievous. Nor was it the diversion of these millions of men, each of them a potential source of wealth, from production to destruction, though that was pitiful. Nor was it reached when you estimated the loss not in terms of economics but of life, and attempted to number the numberless fair young lives passing, so far as this life goes, into nothingness, their hopes and fears, their loves and hates, their joys and sorrows, their aspirations and endeavours, the experiences that shape souls, and the stuff out of which the fabric of life is woven, left unrealized for ever. No: beyond all that, they were working evil on us who remained. Lives innumerable were being robbed of their loves and hopes, and disappointment and

life-weariness laid up in store for them. Dream homes were being shattered before they were built, and dream children murdered before they were born. Hatreds were being engendered long to divide the nations, and false thoughts and false ideals to open gulfs betwixt them. Humanity was being turned from its progress to the promised land to wander how many weary years in the arid desert, who should tell.

Then I found myself asking, 'Need these evils be?' To be subdued to the colour of an evil time,—is that the only possible reaction we can show, can it ever be the morally proper reaction? If in its presence we are inert, it will be; but if we are up and doing, it need not. Can we not take every evil thing it contains and make it work not our evil but our good? Can we not make each of them a call to self-examination and self-condemnation, for it is man's evil that has produced these evils? Can we not make them provoke us to pity, to service, to sacrifice, to love? And then I found myself using St. Paul's very words, and I believe sharing St. Paul's very thought. Can we not *redeem* them from working hurt to us and others to working good? Can we not buy them back out of their enslavement to evil and make them servants of the good in us? And what shall the price be but our moral and spiritual rebellion against this supposed evil necessity, and our endeavours to overcome the evil with our good? And so, thought I, St. Paul is larger than his commentators. To redeem the time because the days are evil is a very practical and definite line of action, and it is precisely the evil in the days that makes it possible. The picturesque phrase, so long misunderstood, rings with a clear call to Christians of all nations to be up and doing, and defines in a way that grips the imagination and lays hold on the will the supreme task of our day, on whose due fulfilment the future of Europe turns.

II.

1. To understand more clearly St. Paul's thought and the call it brings us, think, first, how their time masters men. We are all children of our day. It sets us our problems and in its thought and spirit gives us the only tools by which we can solve them. We breathe its atmosphere. If we separate ourselves from it, mentally and

morally we die. We can no more escape from the influence of our day than we can leap off our own shadows. Great and small we are involved in its meshes. Even the men we call epoch-makers—makers not only of their own but of many other days—cannot escape the universal human fate. And when their days are evil days, how shall men escape their evil influence?

2. Think, next, how men alone can master their time. The epochmakers show us how on the large scale. Whatever of the rest, they are not borne by the current. They make headway against it. How? As rowers do on a swift-flowing stream, who thrust their oar-blades into it, and by pulling on them gain a purchase that thrusts them through it. By their effort they transform what drags them down into what forces them up. Again, they rise above it. How? As a bird does that beats downward on the resisting air and makes out of a hindrance a means of upward flight. We might indeed hold that the great man, independent though he seem, even more than others is dependent on his time. It is the stimulus of its problems and its shortcomings that rouses him to questioning and effort. It is its methods and its solutions that rouse him to criticism and to invention. Without its material he would have nothing to work on, no place to jump off. He needs its resistance. It evokes his antagonism and rouses him to reshape the time that would shape him. He masters his time by redeeming it.

3. Think, again, how in one respect all men can master their time. You tell me all this is useless, that as neither you nor I are great men, certainly not epochmakers, their great way is not open to us. I agree and yet I disagree. In one respect, and that the most important of all, their way *is* open to us. We ought not to suffer evil to make us evil, and we need not. We ought to overcome it with good, and we can. The plea of incapacity will be refused us at the judgment. Here each of us can and ought to say,

'I am the master of my fate,
I am the captain of my soul.'

Brave Enid in the 'Idylls of the King' could not overmaster the floods of misfortune that drove her and her house on a rocky shore; but she could so face them that they wrought in her a bravery of spirit and scorn of compliance that redeemed them from hostility to service.

'Turn, Fortune, turn thy wheel with smile or frown;
With that wild wheel we go not up or down;
Our hoard is little, but our hearts are great.

Smile and we smile, the lords of many lands;
Frown and we smile, the lords of our own hands;
For man is man and master of his fate.'

In this most important of all respects we can all redeem the time. 'Whatsoever be the matter of human actions,' said Archbishop Leighton, 'the spiritual mind hath that alchemy indeed of turning base metals into gold, earthly employments into heavenly.' And what is that but to redeem the time?

III.

In the redeeming of the time there are two steps, each embalmed in a great word of Scripture:

(1) We must resist the pressure of the evil time. So the author of Hebrews tells us that 'the peaceable fruit of righteousness' is yielded not to every one to whom chastening comes, but only to those who 'are exercised thereby.' Note well these words 'exercised thereby,' and understand that the Greek word means 'stirred to activity, to the strenuous activity of an athlete.' There are many who have not noted this truth, and attribute to circumstance that which only the activity of a spirit reacting on it can bring us. They talk of sorrow as if sorrow of itself refined. It is likelier to weaken. They confound humiliation and humility, and speak as if humiliation of itself could make a man. It is more likely to break him. In temptation, too, there is vaguely thought to lie what can make a man strong. But these are all illusions. Gifts these three stern sisters can bring us, but they can become ours only if we pluck them forcibly from their hands. They will profit us only if we are exercised by them, stimulated to resistance, to denial of their mastery over us, till, reaching inward, we find some elixir within us that transmutes them from hostility to friendliness, or, reaching upward, find in God comfort against them and strength to win a victory over them. Such things as sorrow, humiliation, and temptation are among the evils that make evil days and will work our hurt and not our weal, unless by effort of resistance we redeem them from evil to good.

And as with men so with nations. Ours are certainly evil days. Will they profit us? Will they leave us larger, stronger, greater? Only if we are exercised by them, exercised in the sense of

the writer of Hebrews, roused to resist the manifold evils that are in them. So many seem to acquiesce in them, and go about their business, and even their pleasure, as usual, feeling nothing of the gigantic tragedy and doing nothing to end it, in the only way morally open to us, by carrying through to its bitter end the great task providence has set us. Ah! those feeling nothing, doing nothing, reacting not at all on the evil, will let the time pass unredeemed and emerge smaller, weaker, despicable.

(2) But it is not enough to say, React. What kind of reaction shall we make? Again our wonderful Scriptures give us the answer and complete the account of how to set about redeeming the time. 'Be not overcome of evil, but overcome evil with good.'

Hard to practise, it is almost harder to believe. It makes a great demand on our spirits and almost a greater on our faith. It seems so weak a policy, so certain to invite reprisals and confirm the foe in evil. It seems so foolish, and it is; but it is with that foolishness of God which is wiser than men.

In so far as this war is a conflict of political ideals this seems to be its inner meaning. Our foes, with their ideal of 'Kultur,' which is not what we mean by 'culture,' seem far back in the stream of political development. By 'Kultur' they do not mean as we do the refining of the whole spiritual nature, head, heart, and conscience, but the ruthless and external application of scientifically-thought-out organization of life, and that irrespective of the moral quality of the ends in view. They have not learned, as we have learned, the meaning of liberty and order based on liberty. They have not learned to trust to loyalty begotten of wise and just dealing rather than to the drill-sergeant and the policeman. They have not learned the wisdom of letting men speak out their thoughts. They do not believe in a throne broad based upon a people's will, and on the goodwill of other peoples. They show a man's intellect conjoined with a schoolboy's crudeness of judgment and belief in that obvious which is never the way things work and men act. We sincerely believe our policy to be the wiser and maturer far, wise with a wisdom that seems foolish and weak, but has the wisdom and strength of God. We fight to defend ourselves and the world from domination by a policy so clever yet so immature, and its train of attendant evils.

But beyond this, how great a task is set us: to overcome evil with good; to wage war so as, if it may be, to end war; to bring nearer the peace that is founded on liberty and righteousness; to reap as fruit of victory the toilsome privilege of laying the foundations of greater amity and helpfulness among the nations; and at home to carry into the days of peace the marvellous unity the war in its first days brought us, and, working as never before for the good of the whole, to secure justice and opportunity for all classes. These things and many more, fraught with future blessing to our empire and the race, we may pluck as the fair fruit of these evil days—no, not of them,

for a corrupt tree cannot bring forth good fruit, but as the fruit of our spirits, roused to activity and new moral richness by the shock of the evil of these evil days. These fair fruits may be ours, but only if we redeem the time, buy it back from enslavement to evil, and enfranchise it into the service of our good and others' good, by opposing its evils and meeting all its burdens, temptations, and trials in a spirit of humility, of large-hearted justice, of sacrifice, service, and love, not to our own people but to all.

Because the days are very evil, the supreme task for individuals and nations is, in St. Paul's pregnant figure, to redeem the time.

Contributions and Comments.

The Semitic *iau*.

PROFESSOR KÖNIG, in the *Zeitschrift für die Alttestamentliche Wissenschaft*, 1915, Part I. p. 45, appears to imply that I am responsible for Professor Hehn's dissertation on *iau* and *Jahweh*, in his *Biblische und Babylonische Gottesidee*. He also cites a private communication from Professor Clay condemning my statement in most categorical fashion. I regret to say that Professor König has abused Dr. Clay's confidence, who has no memory of having made such statement, and did not authorize the publication of any opinion. Moreover, I am sorry to say that I do not believe Professor König really read carefully the little philological note in THE EXPOSITORY TIMES, xxii. 139. I did not assert that *iau* means 'existence'; that is Dr. Hehn's thesis, and is in my opinion erroneous. The note in THE EXPOSITORY TIMES simply refers to the passage in the syllabar in question, where *au*, the Sumerian word for 'what,' is explained by the Semitic *ia'u* (feminine *ia-a-ti*). This interrogative pronoun *iau*, *iāti*, and its plural forms, is thoroughly established and accepted in all Assyrian grammars. This is the full extent of my statement, and if read with care should not be used for further illogical deductions.

S. LANGDON.

Oxford.

Right on ἐπεργεῖν from War and Music.

THE word ἐπεργεῖν, to which you draw attention in your April issue, has light thrown on it both by the war and by music. Its use as a transitive verb seems to have originated with a military writer, and its application to music interprets that use.

The adjective ἐπεργός, from which the verb is formed, is largely used by Xenophon in the sense of 'active,' 'productive'; e.g. of *land* capable of yielding crops; of *mines* opened up and ready to yield ore; of *money* which through wise legislation is capable of yielding interest; of an *army* so arranged as to be effective or ready to strike; of *troopers* whom hunting has trained in the use of weapons on horseback. We cannot be sure whether it always strictly means *with work in it*, like ἐναιμος, 'full of blood,' ἐνθεός, 'full of the god,' ἐνθηπος, 'full of wild beasts'; or whether it sometimes has the sense of 'in work,' like ἐναρχος, 'in office,' ἐμμισθος, 'in pay,' ἐμφρουπος, 'on guard,' and many others: for it may be capable of both senses, like ἐντεχνος, which can mean both 'within the province of art' and 'full of art' (in the sense either of 'skilful' or of 'artificial'), and ἐνυδρος, which is applied alike to a bowl for holding water and to a reed whose *habitat* is the water.

When Xenophon wants, as he often does, to speak of 'making active' ('productive,' 'serviceable'), he uses this adjective with ποιεῖν or one of

the other familiar Greek verbs for 'render.' So do Demosthenes and Isocrates. But in the interval (about two centuries) between Xenophon and Polybius, Aristotle had brought in the verb *ἐνεργεῖν* to express 'putting forth an activity,' especially a mental one, using it always intransitively. It would seem that in this interval *ἐνεργός* had come to be used, as we often use 'active,' for 'full of work,' 'yielding much,' that is to point the contrast not between the worker and the non-worker, but between the strenuous worker and the slacker. For Polybius often uses it of a march or an attack or the like in which there is action already. However this may be, Polybius laid hold of Aristotle's verb *ἐνεργεῖν* and used it as a transitive, and if we let the application of the verb to music guide us, we are led to think that he used it as an equivalent for Xenophon's periphrasis *ἐνεργὸν ποιεῖν*.

Of the use of *ἐνεργεῖν* in connexion with music we have evidence (a) in Plutarch, who, wishing to speak of 'the performer' (with voice or instrument), writes *ὁ ἐνεργῶν* (ii. 1144, E.). As he habitually uses the verb either purely intransitively, or with a pronoun like *τι* or *ὁτιοῦν*, which is little more than an accusative of the verb's own action, we are not at liberty to supply after *ὁ ἐνεργῶν* an accusative either of the instrument played or of the music produced. But (δ), in his homily on Ro 7⁵, St. Chrysostom uses language that makes it clear that *ἐνεργεῖν* was familiarly used like our 'play' of 'making active' the instrument or of producing the musical sound as your (and the instrument's) activity. He dwells on the fact that St. Paul, in his anxiety not to vilify the flesh, *οὐκ εἶπεν ἃ ἐνήργει τὰ μέλη ἀλλὰ ἃ ἐνηργεῖτο ἐν τοῖς μέλεσιν* (*sic*), and thus marked the truth that wickedness took its rise in the other part of our being (*ἐτέρωθεν*), namely, *ἀπὸ τῶν ἐνεργούντων λογισμῶν, οὐκ ἀπὸ τῶν ἐνεργουμένων μελῶν*, 'from the reasoning powers that *make active*, not from the bodily members that *are made active*.' For, he continues, 'the soul held the place of a musician (*τεχνίτου*), while the fleshly nature held that of a lyre, which gave forth such sounds as the musician compelled it to utter.' Here the members of the body are the instrument, the passions (*τὰ παθήματα τῶν ἁμαρτιῶν*), the tune, the soul (or the reasoning powers), the musician; and, while the musician alone *ἐνεργεῖ, ἐνεργεῖσθαι* is used alike of the tune produced and of the instrument by whose means it is produced.

It is to be noted that St. Chrysostom does not

give the illustration any introduction, as though it were unfamiliar. St. Paul has used a word which of itself suggests the illustration.

This musical application of the verb is of considerable importance towards the interpretation of its military application in Polybius, especially in view of the fact that he does not ever (so far as I can find) use *ποιεῖν* with the adjective as Xenophon and others before him do.¹ For instance, when he tells us that Philip in his lifetime *οὐκ ὀλίγα ἐνήργησε καὶ παρεσκευάσατο πρὸς τὸν κατὰ τῶν Περσῶν πόλεμον* (iii. 6. 5), we have good ground for taking him to mean that Philip 'made active' many national organizations, 'put into working order' much that was only on paper, set on foot alliances and intrigues, all which things became secondary causes of the war. Again, when he says that the sovereign assembly of the Bæotians, having determined on alliance with Rome, *ἐπέταξαν τοῖς ἄρχουσιν ἐνεργεῖν τὴν συμμαχίαν* (xxvii. 1. 12), it is to be supposed that he means that they directed the Executive 'to translate the alliance into action,' or more simply 'to mobilize the Expeditionary Force,' 'to bring their contingent to efficiency.'²

If we are on the right line, there is much to be said for 'make active' (or 'effective') as the meaning of *ἐνεργεῖν* in the N.T., e.g. in Eph 1^{11,3} and for taking *ἐνεργεῖται* to mean 'is caused to put forth activity,' in such places as 1 Th 2¹³, though it may be pedantic in rendering always to press the Passive force. As *ἐμαλακίσθη* can mean either 'he was made soft' (by indulgent parents) or 'he was proved soft' (by the test of the trenches), and would often be expressed in English by 'he proved himself soft,' so in 1 Th 2¹³ St. Paul seems to say of the 'word of God,' which the Thessalonians have received, that 'it is actually proving effectual among (or in) you.'

In Ja 5¹⁶, the point which St. James is pressing as well as the proper force of the word suggest that *ἐνεργουμένη* means 'being filled with activity' (by

¹ Polybius frequently employs the periphrasis for the verb consisting of *ποιεῖσθαι* with the cognate noun, adding the predicative adjective, which, had the verb itself been used, would have been an *adverb*. Thus *ἐνεργὸν ἐποιεῖτο τὴν πορείαν* is not 'he rendered his march a forced one,' but 'he made his march at a forced pace.'

² This sense of *συμμαχία* is found in Thucydides (vi. 73) and Xenophon (*Hell.*, iv. 8. 24, vi. 1. 13), and often in Josephus.

³ See Dr. Murray's note in the *Cambridge Greek Testament*; and cp. 1 Ti 6¹³, *τοῦ ζωογονούντος τὰ πάντα*,

God), that is to say, that the righteous man's petition is the instrument, by which ὁ ἐνεργῶν effects the harmonies of His universe. As by drought and rainfall God honoured Elijah's prayer, so does He cause a righteous man's petition to be effective in the saving of a soul from death and covering a multitude of sins.

P.S.—The above was written before your May issue reached me. Dr. Moulton *seems* ready to give up the derivation of ἐνεργεῖν from ἐνεργός, and to suggest that in N.T. it has the sense of 'in-work' or 'inspire.' Does he really adopt this position?

That *Divine* activity is often implied in ἐνεργεῖν does not at all show that, as applied to prayer, it points to Divine *suggestion*, a sense alien to the verb. And the fact that the Book of Kings makes it clear that Elijah did not entreat God for the drought 'from a mere personal conviction that his people needed it,' does not at all show that St. James is calling attention to Elijah's freedom from this grave disqualification. Would he have called one so praying 'a righteous man'?

Even if we are right in assuming that in Ja 5^{14f.} ἀσθενεῖν and κάμνειν refer to bodily weakness and trouble, the close of the Epistle shows that what fills St. James' thoughts is the forgiveness of sins, and the amazing power given to Christian people to effect it.

May I add a few words regarding Ph 2^{12f.}, a passage to which Dr. Moulton refers, and in which the verb ἐνεργεῖν occurs not once but twice? Is not ὑπὲρ τῆς εὐδοκίας the clue to the meaning of the two verses? What 'the Father's good pleasure' is, has just been proclaimed in vv.⁹⁻¹¹. It is the gathering of all in Jesus Christ into the Father's Home. St. Paul has not left the subject on which he definitely entered at 1²⁷—unity, fellowship. So when he says τὴν ἐαντῶν σωτηρίαν, he means the salvation of the Christian *community* at Philippi, as St. Peter by τὴν εἰς ἑαυτοὺς ἀγάπην means love of the brethren (1 P 4⁸). In the endeavour to work the God-given ore, to digest the God-given food, of the salvation of the Body to which they belong, they must be filled with a sense of being on holy ground, feel that they are engaged on a task of supreme dignity, 'for it is God (and none other) that *makes active* in you both to will the victory of His good pleasure and to *make* that will *fruitful*.' 'You are putting your hands to the work which the Lord Himself has won for His Body as the

reward of His obedience even unto death. In bearing with and cheering and helping one another and looking to it that no member of your community come short of the grace of God, you are aiming at that which God approves, the desire for which is from Him, and the achievement of which He will make to speed.' G. H. WHITAKER.

Liskeard.

James v. 16.

I.

IN common, no doubt, with many other readers of THE EXPOSITORY TIMES, I am much interested in what you say, in the April number, on the force of ἐνεργουμένη. That the verb is *Passive* seems beyond question. Indeed, although it has hitherto been customary to regard it as *Middle* in other places where it occurs—Ro 7⁵, 2 Co 1⁶ 4¹², Gal 5⁶, Eph 3²⁰, Col 1²⁹, 1 Th 2¹³, 2 Th 2⁷, yet, in almost every one of these passages, a *Passive* sense is quite discernible.

With the rendering of so competent authority as Dr. Rendel Harris—'The prayer of a righteous man is of great force [when] energised,' no one can find serious fault. But, you ask what does 'energised' mean? How would [*when*] *carried into action* do as an explanation and as an equivalent? Manifestly, the prayer, in the Apostle's mind, is not a *faint* sort of thing—a mere *wish*, but something carried out into reality by being *purposely presented* to the throne of Grace. Compare Gal 5⁶—πιστω δι' ἀγάπην ἐνεργουμένη, where the meaning is, faith *wrought out, carried into action*, by deeds. One may be allowed to say that the Revisers show needless timidity in their treatment of this parallel text—assigning 'wrought' only to the *margin*.

P. THOMSON.

The Manse, Dunning.

II.

I was very interested in reading your notes, in THE EXPOSITORY TIMES for June, on the passage in St. James' Epistle—'The effectual fervent prayer of a righteous man availeth much.' It struck me that possibly we meet with another illustration of the fervency of intercessory prayer in Col 4¹², where we read of Epaphras who laboured fervently in

E. OVER.

Corrigenda and Addenda to the
Oxford Hebrew Lexicon.

Page. Line.

- 5^a. 11 . . . *For 2 S 13¹⁴ read 15¹⁴.*
5^a. 30 . . . *For ביה read ביי v. p. 106^a.*
48^a. 4 fr. ft. *For Is 13⁷ read 13²².*
48^a. 3 „ *For מעון read [ען] v. p. 732^b.*
74^b. 8 „ „ „
81^b. 4 . . . *For Dt 16¹ read 16²¹.*
81^b. 8 . . . *For Je 17²⁰ read 17².*
198^b. 8 . . . *For Je 47¹⁵ read 47⁵.*
368^b. 3 fr. ft. *For ו read י.*
375^b. 21 . . . *For ψ 31⁸⁰ read 31²⁰.*
382^b. 11 fr. ft. *For tear rend read tear, rend.*
424^b. 10 . . . *For Ezr 8⁷ read 8¹⁷.*
560^b. 17 fr. ft. *For 2 S 19¹³ read 1 K 2²⁶.*
560^b. 16 „ *For 1 K 2²⁶ read 2 S 19¹³.*
618^a. 15 „ *For Am 5¹⁰ read 5²⁰.*
618^a. 14 „ „ „
643^a. 14 „ *For Is 3¹⁶ read 3¹⁹.*
656^a. 15 „ *For Pr 25⁴ read 25¹¹.*
657^b. 11 „ *For Ju 9¹² read 7¹².*
673^a. 4 . . . *For מִשְׁפָּחָה read מִשְׁפָּחָה.*
688^b. 21 fr. ft. *For v.⁵⁸ read v.²⁸.*
694^a. 17 „ *For 2 K 16³² read 6³².*
719^a. 22 . . . *For Qal 6e read Qal 6f.*
722^b. 23 . . . *For e read c.*
735^b. 14 . . . *For Je 15⁹ read 15⁸.*
777^a. 10 fr. ft. *For Is 14²² read 13²³.*
817^b. 21 . . . *For Mi 1¹³ read 2¹³.*
830^a. 11 . . . *For ψ 136⁴ read 136²⁴.*
832^a. 14 fr. ft. *For Ezr 4¹¹ read 7¹¹.*
856^a. 7 „ *For La 3⁵³ read 3⁵³.*
857^b. 3 „ *For Is 3³⁰ read 3²⁰.*
943^a. 2 . . . *For Lv 20⁵⁵ read 20²⁵.*
943^a. 24 . . . *For] read [].*
949^b. 8 fr. ft. *For Jb 34³⁴ read 34²⁴.*
952^a. 17 „ *For Is 26⁴ read 26¹⁴.*
976^b. 8 „ *For Ne 3²⁴ read 3³⁴.*
1008^a. 18 „ *For 1 S 16⁴ read 2 S 16⁴.*

Page. Line.

- 1013^b. 13 fr. ft. *For Dt 22²⁵ read 32²⁵.*
1030^b. 9 „ *For La 1¹⁴ read 1⁴.*
1076^b. 10 „ *For Ez 1⁶ read 1¹⁶.*
- II. ADDENDA.
- 38^a. 30 No reference is made to the rendering
וַאֲבָל under בָּלָה, p. 477^b, but its mean-
ing is given under אִתִּיאַל, p. 87^a.
- 321^a. 3 *Add Ez 21¹⁹, 19 30²⁴.*
- 477^b. Under 2b *add* ref. to 38^a line 30 (Pr 30¹).
- 555^b. 16 מַהֲתָלוֹת ‘deceits’ (Is 30¹⁰) is omitted
under תָּלַל, p. 1068.
- 783^a. *Add* after עָצַם the word עֲצָם, verb-
denom. Pi. *to break any one’s bones*
(Je 50¹⁷). See Kautzsch, *Ges. Heb-
Gr.* (trans. by A. E. Cowley), Oxf.
1910, p. 142, line 8.
- 862^a. 11 *Add Ez* before 17²³.
- 969^b. 22 *Add Ez 39⁹ after ב* rei.
- 995^a. 7 *Add ψ 106⁸⁷ after Dt 32¹⁷.*
- 1031^b. 4 *Add* after שִׁמְמָה the word as pointed
שִׁמְמָה (Ez 35⁹). See Gesenius’ *Heb-
Lex.* (trans. by S. P. Tregelles),
London, 1847, p. 935^b.
- 1068^b. *Add* after [תָּלַל] the word מַהֲתָלוֹת. See
p. 555^b above, and Gesenius’ *Lex.*
(Tregelles), p. 454^b.

1086^a. Between lines 5 and 6 fr. foot, *add* the word [נִיחַ, נִיחַ], verb Haph., *to break forth* (Dn 7²). See Gesenius' *Lex.* (Tregelles), p. 168^b.

1111^b. Between lines 8 and 9, *add* the word [קָצַץ], verb Pa. *to cut off* (Dn 4¹¹). See Gesenius' *Lex.* (Tregelles), p. 738^b. JAMES DONALD.

Keithhall Manse, Aberdeenshire.

Love and the Best Love.

NOTWITHSTANDING all the wonderful and wealthy verbal gleanings of our lexicographers from all languages ancient and modern since 1611, the Revisers of the New Testament have not been able to get rid of the difficulty which faced the compilers of the Authorized Version with regard to

the Greek synonyms ἀγαπάω and φιλέω. Some credit, however, is due to the Revisers for informing the reader in the footnote Jn 21¹⁵⁻¹⁷ that the English word 'love in these places represents two different Greek words.' This means that we have only one word in the English language to express two different ideas in the Greek mind, and that neither of these two different ideas can be adequately or correctly expressed by the English word *love*.

The root idea for this word in the Anglo-Saxon mind was *to desire* or *to please*, and it is as surprising as it is disappointing that with all the accumulation of verbal riches since 1611 we have not been able to import or coin a word that will more nearly approach the meaning of one if not two of the Greek words.

Ἀγαπάω is the love of reflexion, calculation, and premeditation: in its highest reaches it means *admiration*: in its lowest levels it means *selfishness*: it is united with the consciousness of having made a wise, worthy, and beneficial choice. Thus our Lord in addressing Peter (Jn 21¹⁵) asks ἀγαπᾷς με; He here suits the word to the nature and expectations of Peter as He, perhaps alone of all men, understood them. He appeals to His own supreme worthiness and the Apostle's greatest advantage:—no one, and nothing has such a claim, and no one and nothing can make such a return.

When our Lord uses this word as expressing the love of the Father towards Himself or His disciples, as He often does, we need not eliminate the ideas of reflexion, calculation, and premeditation, but only remember that these ideas connote in the mind of the Omniscient that which is *beyond* as well as that which is *within* the range of human intelligence. When used of friends or enemies it will well bear the interpretation suggested.

Φιλέω is the love of emotion—warm, generous, free, venturesome, hazardous, gushing—uncalculating as to consequences. In its highest reaches it means *adoration*: in its lowest levels it means *sentimentality*, not always of an honourable kind, and may be expressed in a kiss, even the kiss of Judas.

It captures the mind of the Greek student of the Gospels, and holds him in exegetical inquiry when he meditates on the use of this word by Peter in Jn 21¹⁵⁻¹⁷. Our Lord's first question, ἀγαπᾷς με; Peter's first answer, φιλῶ σε,—the same words used by each in the second question and answer.

Was the Apostle rising out of the old nature—a new, converted man? (Lk 22^{31, 32}). When he used this word φιλέω, did he say in his soul,

Less of self and more of Thee?
or even,

None of self and all of Thee?

More interesting and entrancing still is it to note that in the same passage (v. 17) Jesus makes use of Peter's word in the third time question—φιλεῖς με; Why is this? Was it not that our Lord was desirous to remind the Apostle that there was uncertainty as to the ultimate value and permanence of a love of emotion, or a love springing from emotion, because such love is only too apt to express itself hurriedly and unthinkingly in gushing effusiveness? As if He had said, 'Dost thou indeed love me with *such* a love?' Certain it is that without such a love the spirit of the martyr would never be called forth, but then we may infer from our Lord's use of ἀγαπάω in the first and second question; and in the solemn warning of v. 18 that a love—a soul passion—which did not include the ideas conveyed in the two words, would be unequal to the martyrdom or the obedience.

One finds satisfaction in concluding that in this interchange of ideas between our Lord and this Apostle the latter received from our Lord a knowledge of the nature, demands, and powers of the deepest passions of the soul such as he had never had before, and that whilst he acknowledges that Jesus knew his needs for apostleship, he himself perceives himself in possession ('strangely warmed') of the supply. That the word he had begun to use with perhaps 'the flattery that was satisfying and not sinful,' he ended in using as truly descriptive of that 'affection whose joy is in itself, and is ever its own reward.'

WM. J. PEARCE.

Grimshy.

'Mine Hour is not yet Come'
(John ii. 4).

THESE words have always been a difficulty with commentators, and it does not seem to have occurred to any to treat them as a question.

Mary, in her distress about the wine, turns to her son for sympathy and help. He comforts her with the words, 'Never mind, has not mine hour

now come?' Professor Burkitt has pointed out that *τί ἐμοὶ καὶ σοί* means 'never mind' or 'do not worry' (EXPOSITORY TIMES, vol. xxiv. p. 2); and if we translate the words *οὐπω ἤκει ἡ ὥρα μου* as a question, we understand why Mary, in her relief, immediately turns to the *διάκονοι*, and says,

'Whatsoever he saith unto you, do it.'

For rendering *οὐπω* as an interrogative we may compare Mt 16⁹, Mk 8¹⁷, *οὐπω νοεῖτε*.

Our Lord's hour for showing His power had now come, and 'this beginning of miracles did Jesus in Cana of Galilee.' The idyllic scene is perfect—and no jarring note now mars its beauty.

AUGUSTUS POYNTER.

Jersey.

'Stumbling-block.'

WITH the main question of the meaning of *σκάνδαλον*, Professor Moulton has dealt, and I shall not refer directly to this question, but in Job 40¹⁹ (LXX) there is an otherwise unknown word *ἐνσκολιενόμενος* representing, according to the Hebrew, some such sense as (pierced through his nose) 'with a snare.' (The plural *בְּמִקְשָׁם*, Mr. H. M'Lachlan writes, 'may be a plural of amplification suggesting the size of the snare required for Behemoth.') For this I originally suggested some change which would give some compound of the *σκάνδαλον* root, but the Rev. Mr. L. W. Grensted called my attention to the fact that *σκῶλον* occurs in some places as a variant for *σκάνδαλον*, and further investigation suggests that the change we have to make in the Job passage should be in this direction. Archdeacon Allen refers to Ex 10⁷ and Dt 7¹⁶ for the occurrence of *σκῶλον* to translate the same Hebrew root giving the idea of 'snare' as occurs in Job. Boisacq negatives the suggestion of Professor

Moulton to connect *σκῶλον* with *σκολιός*, as if it were 'a trap with a kink in the entrance,' and we should rather find the sense of a 'sharp stake that will transfix the victim' (cf. *σκόλοψ*). In Hos 9⁸, to which the archdeacon also refers, I should be inclined to find again an unknown adjective *σκολιά*, just as Aquila has *ἐσκολωμένη*. The meaning of this last word must be *furnished with a sharp stake*, not, as L. and S. say, *offended*, the sense of which seems sadly to seek. In one passage (Pr 18⁷) noticed by Mr. Grensted, *σκῶλον* is the word used by Aq., Symm., The., for LXX *παγίς*, and this suggests that Aquila at least regarded *παγίς* as an unsatisfactory equivalent in other passages. In Ps 18⁵ (LXX 17⁵) *παγίς* is parallel to a word probably meaning 'cord for a hunter's snare,' and generally translated *σχοῖνος*, but here by a different pointing of *לִבְיָה* as *לִבְיָה, ὥδִים*; this is not unlike the variation pointed out by Dr. Marshall between Lk 21³⁴ and Th 5³. A reference to Ps 68²³, where *παγίς* and *σκάνδαλον* are both used, suggests that *σκάνδαλον* was perhaps a prop or sometimes an unstable stone supporting the bait ('the table') set in the middle of a pit, from which escape was impossible. The bait would be reached by a precarious gangway which would fall when the *σκάνδαλον* was upset. This will enable us to understand Is 28¹⁶ when compared with Is 8^{14, 15}. In some cases, perhaps, a large rock was poised above, which descended when the *σκάνδαλον* was struck. Mr. Grensted refers also to Jg 8²⁶ and Is 57¹⁴.

P.S.—In L. and S. the reference for *σκῶλος* (or *σκῶλον*) to 2 Paralip, should be 28²³ (not 18). All evidence seems to show that L. and S. need to be corrected further by bringing all the LXX occurrences under *σκῶλον*, and reserving *σκῶλος* for pre-Hellenistic passages.

T. NICKLIN.

Entre Nous.

Illustrations from the War.

The Editor offers a set of the *Great Texts of the Bible* (twenty volumes), or their equivalent in other books chosen from Messrs. T. & T. Clark's catalogue, for the best series of illustrations of the Bible on religious and ethical topics from incidents

connected with the War. He offers also a set of the *Greater Men and Women of the Bible* (six volumes)—or their equivalent as before—for the second best series. The texts or topics illustrated should be given, and the source of the illustration, together with the date.

The illustrations should be sent before the end of August. They must refer to incidents occurring not earlier than February.

L. MacLean Watt.

The Saviour of Men, by the Rev. L. MacLean Watt (Oliphant, Anderson & Ferrier; 6d. net), is a poet's presentation of the gospel. The poet is found not in the language only, but also in the whole imaginative interpretation. Jesus was a poet; as an Eastern He could not be other than imaginative, and it needs a poet's instinct to translate Him. This is a beautiful book for Christians, and thoughtful as it is beautiful.

Maeterlinck.

Maeterlinck's essay on *Old-Fashioned Flowers* has been translated by A. T. de Mattos, and published along with 'other Open-Air Essays' by Messrs. Allen & Unwin (2s. 6d. net). As in the *Book of the Bee*, Maeterlinck gives knowledge in this book along with pleasure. He has many interesting facts to tell us, but he always surrounds them with an imaginative atmosphere. 'What flowers then,' he asks, 'blossomed in the gardens of our fathers? They were very few, no doubt, and very small and very humble, scarce to be distinguished from those of the roads, the fields and the glades. Have you ever observed the poverty and the monotony, most skilfully disguised, of the floral decoration of the finest miniatures in our old manuscripts? Again, the pictures in our museums, down to the end of the Renaissance period, have only five or six types of flowers, incessantly repeated, wherewith to enliven the richest palaces, the most marvellous views of Paradise. Before the sixteenth century, our gardens were almost bare; and, later, Versailles itself, Versailles the splendid, could have shown us only what the poorest village shows to-day. Alone, the Violet, the Garden Daisy, the Lily of the Valley, the Marigold, the Poppy, a few Crocuses, a few Irises, a few Colchicums, the Foxglove, the Valerian, the Larkspur, the Cornflower, the Wild Pink, the Forget-me-not, the Gillyflower, the Mallow, the Rose, still almost a Sweetbriar, and the great silver Lily, the spontaneous ornaments of our woods and of our snow-frightened, wind-frightened fields: these alone smiled upon our forefathers, who, for that matter, were unaware of their poverty. Man had not yet learnt to look around him, to enjoy the life of nature. Then came the Renaissance, the great voyages, the discovery and the invasion of the sunlight. All the flowers of the world, the successful efforts, the deep, inmost beauties, the joyful thoughts and wishes of the planet rose up to us,

borne on a shaft of light that, in spite of its heavenly wonder, issued from our own earth. Man ventured forth from the cloister, the crypt, the town of brick and stone, the gloomy stronghold in which he had slept. He went down into the garden, which became peopled with bees, purple and perfumes; he opened his eyes, astounded like a child escaping from the dreams of the night; and the forest, the plain, the sea and the mountains and, lastly, the birds and the flowers, that speak in the name of all a more human language which he already understood, greeted his awakening.'

L. G. Fison.

Mr. L. G. Fison is not a poet though he calls his book, *In Pastime Wrought*, poems (Drane; 3s. 6d.). He has plenty of pretty fancies but little creative imagination. And in all the variety of his verse there is no true feeling for rhythm. Take this as an example:

EPIGRAM.

'O Father! they say there's a Holy Land,
O say if such can be?'
'Yes, yes,' he replied, 'but, my son, there is
As well a Holy See.'

W. B. Cotton.

Mr. Cotton is less confident. He is content to call his book *Verses* (Thacker; 1s.). Here is one quotable poem.

A MESSAGE.

Upon a wintry, leafless bower
There hung a pale, proud passion flower,
Its purple blossoms clinging
In clusters to the dreary home
Where this dear plant had chanced to roam,
Its joy and fragrance bringing.

A desolate forgotten place
This sweetest flower had deigned to grace,
Its slender tendrils twining
About the long neglected spot,
As if to mitigate its lot
And soothe its sad repining.

Where all was drear and sorrowing
It brought a message of the spring,
This queen of all the garden,
Awakening the wilderness
To memories of happiness,
Despair to hope of pardon.

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